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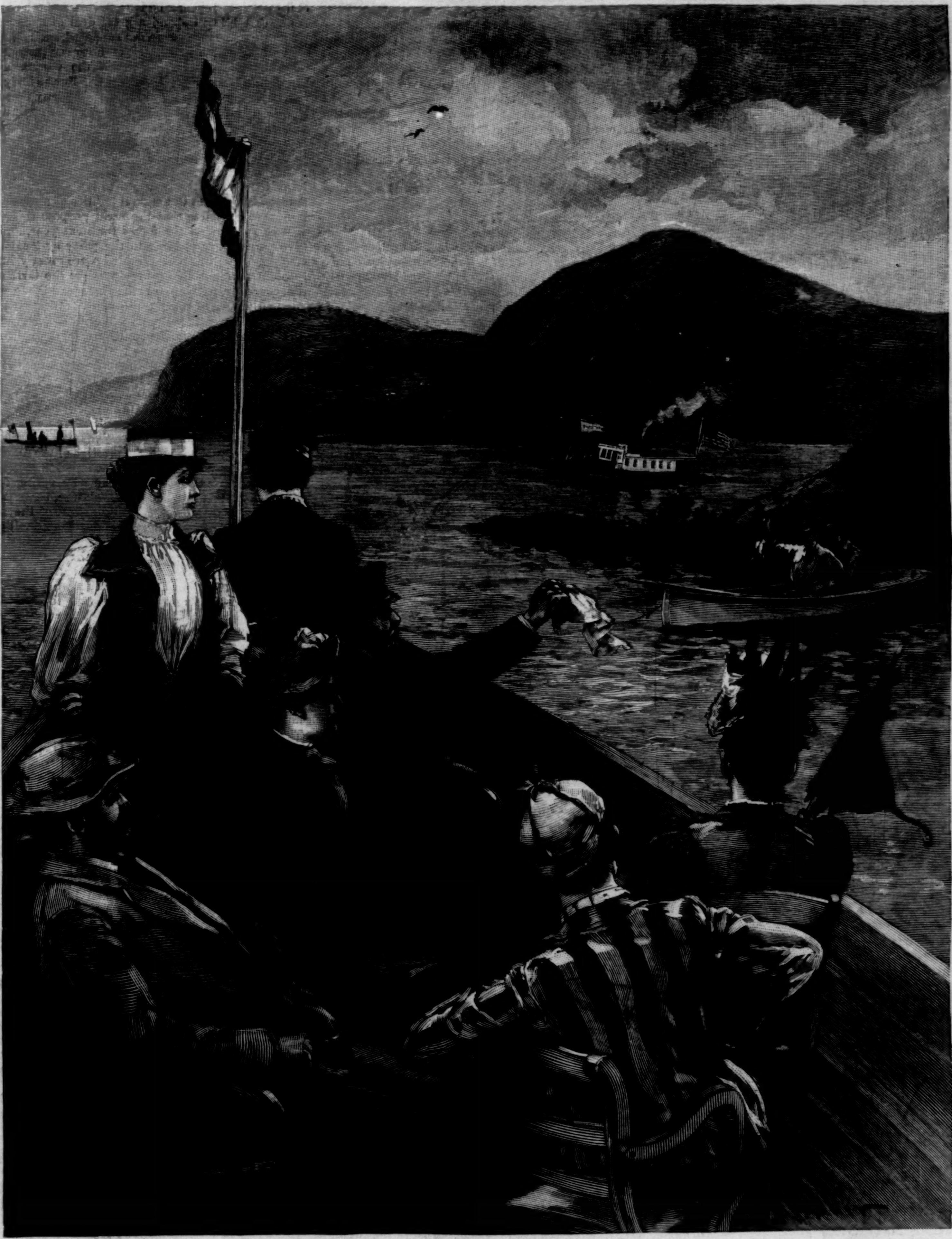

A DAY ON LAKE GEORGE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

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New Zealand. By Prof. GEORGE M. GRANT. With 18 illustrations.

The Vigilantes of California, Idaho, and Montana. By JOHN W. CLAMPITT.

Glimpses of Western Architecture. Chicago.—I. By MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER. With 9 illustrations.

Nihilists in Paris. By J. H. ROSNY. Illustrated.

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Fiction: *Peter Ibbetson.* A Novel. Part III. By GEORGE DU MAURIER. With illustrations by the author.—*An Imperative Duty.* A Novel. Part II. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.—*Luck.* A Story. By MARK TWAIN.—*Zan Zoo.* A Story. By GEORGE HEATH.

Poetry: *In the High Tower.* By JULIA C. R. DORR.—*The Wizard Harp.* By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.—*Answered.* By NANNIE MAYO FITZHUGH.

Editorial Departments as usual, conducted by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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A REPUBLICAN DISADVANTAGE.

CIRCUMSTANCES point plainly to the conclusion that its most powerful appeal will be wanting to the Republican party in the election of next year. For a long time the party justly congratulated itself upon what may be called its moral impulse. It represented largely the conscience of the country. It was strongest in most enlightened and progressive communities, and "the better sentiment" of the Northern States was generally Republican. The Democratic taunt at the Republicans as a party of moral ideas was one of the decorations of the party. Its members could truly say that the party leaders were men to be proud of for spotless character and blameless life, and that it was safe for a young man to join the party which, upon the whole, stood—at least much more than its opponent—for patriotic principles, upright politics, and honest government.

But in this respect the last few years have seen a great change. It is by no means now the general fact that the most intelligent of a man's neighbors habitually vote the Republican ticket, although the Republican local candidates are still generally preferable. The old line of cleavage has disappeared; and even in Massachusetts, the strongest and most typical of old Republican States, it is undoubtedly true that a very large proportion of the most intelligent, thoughtful, and public-spirited young men, who are not held by personal association to the Republican traditions, and who do not see in the Democratic party, as their seniors saw, an organized conspiracy to maintain slavery, now often vote for Democratic candidates. Many of these young men, indeed, have joined the Democratic party, and the best representative of their political principles is Mr. CLEVELAND. At a time when Messrs. QUAY, CLARKSON, PLATT, and DUDLEY are among the trusted and honored Republican leaders; when in Pennsylvania Republicans of the highest character elect a Democratic Governor rather than support the regular party candidate, and now propose to repeat their action; and when in Connecticut one of the most honored and trusty of Republicans plainly exposes the trickery and dishonesty of the party leaders—it is obviously useless to try to persuade young men who do not believe high protection to be either a just or American policy to sustain the candidates of the McKINLEY tariff because of the moral superiority of the Republican party.

Hitherto this moral appeal has been of the utmost advantage. The party has maintained human rights; it has saved the Union, and emancipated the slaves. The young man gladly acknowledges it, but does not see the fact to be a reason for supporting an unjust tariff. The party counts LINCOLN, CHASE, SUMNER, and SEWARD among its former leaders. The young man proudly concedes it. But he does not see it to be a reason for maintaining a leadership of which QUAY is the chief; and will cease to be the chief not because of the party demand, but because of public condemnation. The Republican campaign of next year must be conducted not upon the achievements and character and spirit of the old Republican party and leaders, but upon the issues of to-day, and upon the character of the conspicuous living chiefs of the party. It is not the figures and deeds to which it can truly point with pride that the appeal must be made, but to the figures of which no party can be proud, and to a policy which educated intelligence most distrusts.

THE UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION.

THE University Convocation in the State of New York has become one of the most important educational meetings of the year. It was instituted nearly thirty years ago, for the purpose of bringing together the teachers of the academies, high schools, and colleges to discuss questions of educational polity, and to ascertain the views upon the highest educational interests of representatives of the most enlightened sentiment of the State. Recently the interest in the Convocation has very much increased, and the meeting of this year was much the largest that has been held. The sessions now attract representatives from other States, and the Convocation may be called truly an Academic Congress. At the close of the late session one of the most accomplished educators in the country, the head of one of the most advanced institutions of learning in another State, said that, upon the whole, it was the best educational meeting of the kind that he had ever attended.

The sessions occupy three days, beginning generally on Wednesday morning, and ending on Friday afternoon. The proceedings consist of papers and discussions, and there is usually an address on one of the evenings from some eminent man. This year it was delivered by General FRANCIS A. WALKER, the head of the Massachusetts School of Technology. This year also, for the first time, there was a Convocation dinner, which was very largely attended, and was enlivened by nearly twenty bright brief speeches. The chief topics of discussion in the Convocation were the methods of teaching philosophy; athletics in colleges and academies; the co-ordination of academies, colleges, and universities; the higher education of women; and university extension. The debates were exceedingly instructive, and showed the present sentiment upon those subjects. If we say that among those who took prominent part in the discussions were ex-President ANDREW D. WHITE, of Cornell University; President LOW, of Columbia College; President WEBSTER, of Union College; President TAYLOR, of Vassar College; Professor ROOT, of Hamilton College; President STANLEY HALL, of Clark University, at Worcester, Massachusetts; President ROBERTS, of Lake Forest University, Illinois; Professor MARQUAND, of Princeton; Professor HERBERT ADAMS, of Johns Hopkins; and many other accomplished teachers—it will be seen that we do not claim too much for the character and value of the discussions.

The debate on university extension, which, as Regent SEXTON, of Palmyra, said, should be more properly called educational extension, elicited the agreeable fact of the hearty sympathy of the Convocation with the movement, upon the understanding that the practical initiatory steps should be prudent and tentative. The necessary conditions of such instruction, the essential differences between instruction in residence and by university extension methods, must be constantly borne in mind, and President LOW earnestly insisted that the granting of degrees should not be included in any scheme for the work. The purpose is not to supersede the college, nor to lower the standards of education. There is apparently no difference of opinion upon this subject among those upon whose co-operation the success of the enterprise depends. The University Convocation has developed gradually into a very interesting and valuable assembly, which gives to the system of institutions of higher education the same opportunity of common understanding and expression which the various associations of common-school teachers furnish for the public-school system.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS IN NEW YORK.

THE election of delegates to the State nominating conventions in New York has already begun. As yet there is nothing encouraging in the names suggested on the Democratic side for the chief office, and on the Republican there is an effort to assume an understanding that the candidate must come from the city of New York. The reason for such an assumption is more obvious than creditable. Some gentlemen who have been mentioned upon both sides as probable candidates would not be mentioned if they were not rich men. That is to say, however personally estimable and excellent they may be, they have not disclosed any especial public ability or peculiar qualification for so important a public trust as the Governorship. When a candidate is selected without acknowledged public qualifications, and evidently because he is rich, it is because of the belief that he will spend a great deal of money for his election. If this were not supposed, such a selection would not be made. Yet, however personally estimable the candidate may be, the circumstance implies a campaign of corruption. For nobody familiar with "practical politics" would deny that nothing is regarded with more dismay at the beginning of a campaign than an empty treasury. Meanwhile it is time lost for either the pot or the kettle to assert in this branch of politics a superiority to the other.

In the year before a Presidential election it is very hard to confine the question to State issues. The subjection of State to national politics at an election is now so complete that the main purpose this year will be to marshal the forces for next year, and to give preliminary prestige to the party by local success. This will dispose those who are greatly interested in national questions, especially the tariff and the currency, to vote for the State candidate with whom they agree upon those points, although they may differ from them upon local questions. A voter who is for tariff revision and also for high license will naturally wish his vote for State officers to help the national cause. But the only way in which he can compass this result is to vote for the State candidate of the party of tariff revision, who may veto a measure of high license. On the other hand, to vote for the candidate of the party of extreme protection in order to secure a State Executive favorable to high license, is greatly to swell the prestige of the national party of the McKINLEY tariff.

He does not avoid the dilemma by voting for a high-license member of the Legislature, because the Governor is a legislator to the extent of the veto. As in all honest politics, the vote of the intelligent citizen will be determined by a comparison of consequences. He will vote so as to do the least mischief. Undoubtedly it is easier to let Tammany Hall or a knot of QUAYS and DUDLEYS decide what course he shall take, as it is easier in religion to follow the order of a spiritual director; that is to say, the order of another man. But that kind of ease is not possible for all men. Those who think for themselves, and rely upon their own self-respect, cannot invite another man or body of men to decide what they shall believe or how they shall vote. They are not for anything that the Convention may say, or for any candidate that the Convention may nominate. They are for the course and for the candidate that they think will most surely promote the public welfare.

THE DEFEAT OF PARNELL.

THE recent decisive defeat of Mr. PARNELL at Carlow is exceedingly significant. Nothing in Irish politics is surprising, and we should not have been surprised, therefore, had the result been as decisively the other way. But as it is, the defeat is conclusive as to PARNELL'S position. When he was removed from the leadership, it was said that it was a temporary retirement which must be regarded as a polite concession to moral prejudice. But after a short penance of retirement from active public life, Mr. PARNELL would marry Mrs. O'SHEA, and thus having satisfied the claims of virtue, he would return in a white robe and resume his old place as the guide, philosopher, and friend of Ireland. This was a promising scheme, and as his former lieutenants could not find words glowing enough, when he was displaced, to express their devotion and admiration for him, it was not surprising that this result was generally anticipated.

But Mr. PARNELL himself must have been doubtful of it, or he would not have plunged into the extraordinary series of broils and rows that immediately succeeded his deposition. He proposed, apparently, to commit the fate of Ireland to the judgment of a Donnybrook Fair. Instead of maintaining an air of penitential reserve and expiatory silence, he betook himself to personal squabbles and vituperations, which implied that he felt it necessary to keep himself aggressively in the public eye. His conduct seemed to show his conviction that out of sight was out of mind. If he were really persuaded that upon his marriage, after due silence, all would be forgiven, it was exceedingly foolish for him to exasperate what would then be only a temporary party schism. But his insults to Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Davitt, and his general reckless contempt of the interests of Ireland, plainly imperilled his future. But his marriage took place. The prodigal looked for the fatted calf of restoration. The election at Carlow, his favorite stronghold, followed, and he was overwhelmingly defeated.

But that which emphasizes the defeat, and makes it practically a rout, is the fact that even the vote that he received was not a vote cast for him personally, but against the Liberal party. The Tories, who are really his relentless enemies, voted with his adherents, and so swelled the apparent number of his supporters. The Tory vote withdrawn from him would have left his vote still more attenuated. But the significance of the actual count is unmistakable, and it now seems impossible that Mr. Parnell should ever resume his old position. Not the least remarkable fact connected with his fall is its cause. That an Irish leader should be displaced for the reason that has overthrown him was hardly to be supposed. The "dissenting conscience" has shown its power in politics. An offence of youth, for which the conduct and character of later years had atoned, would not have provoked the protest to which Parnell has politically succumbed. But it was the defiance of the public conscience by persistent ill-doing which has produced the result. The assertion that he is condemned by those who are no better, and that nothing is more hypocritically pharisaic than the British public conscience, forgets that offences alleged by rumor and those which are legally established have very different weight with the public mind. The other assertion that the result is a victory of the priests as political leaders is not new. The remoter results are yet to be seen.

THE QUEEN AND THE EMPEROR.

The visit of the Emperor of Germany in England was a high holiday. It is understood that he was greatly pleased with his reception, and there is no doubt that he made a very favorable impression. John Bull was probably secretly pleased to see in the powerful German monarch the grandson of his own Queen, and there was doubtless a general feeling that the good understanding of the Empress grandmother and the Emperor grandson was a happy assurance of the peace of Europe.

There was believed to be some political object in the visit, and certainly a political result has followed. Whether designed or not, the impression of so magnificent a welcome, and of such plain and friendly speech from the Emperor, is unmistakable. If there was any doubt of his disposition, any apprehension of a warlike spirit, they have disappeared entirely. He acknowledged in the plainest way the desirability of accord between the two countries, and although to republican eyes the pageants of imperialism are old-fashioned, the power of a German Emperor to disturb the world if he chooses cannot be denied.

The actual triple alliance is greatly strengthened by the moral adhesion of England, and it is not surprising that Russia and France are said to be disturbed, and even to contemplate a counter-alliance. But the object of such a compact could not be the peace of Europe.

MR. BLAINE AND '92.

A detailed statement in regard to Mr. Blaine's health was recently published in the New York *Times*, which represented the Secretary as entirely broken down and near his end. This was followed in a day or two by an interview with Mr. Blaine, published by the *Tribune*, an apparent reply to the letter in the *Times*. Mr. Blaine's own account, however, seemed to justify the impression that he is seriously ill, and on the day that it was published he had an attack which was reported as grave.

It is unlikely that his exact condition will now be made known. But it is unreasonable to suppose that he will be a candidate for the Presidential nomination. If this assumption be correct, there is no doubt that the President will be renominated. Except Mr. Blaine, he has as yet no serious competitor. Should Mr. McKinley be elected in Ohio by a large majority, he might be pressed. But the probability is that the President will be the more available candidate, and that he will be placed upon a platform of the McKinley tariff, reciprocity, the late silver letters of Senator Sherman, the result of the Bering Sea controversy, and the good work of the Civil Service Commission.

The contest will be complicated by other considerations, such as the extravagance of the late Congress and the Philadelphia scandals, and the independent voting of 1884 and 1888 will be largely increased in 1892. The prospect will be cleared somewhat by the autumn elections of this year, and none of them will be watched more closely than that in New York for the determination of Governor Hill's successor.

A POINTLESS ANSWER.

Mr. Quay, in reply to the address which has been issued by Republicans in Pennsylvania urging Republicans to free the party in that State from his control, says that Mr. Herbert Welsh, who is believed to have written the address, is a Democrat and not a Republican. But as Mr. Welsh is known to be quite as good a Republican as Mr. Quay, the only reason that the latter can urge for denying Mr. Welsh's Republicanism is that he protests against the leadership of Mr. Quay as disgraceful to the party.

Mr. Welsh and the protesting Republicans say in effect that the familiar charges against Mr. Quay are not disposed of by his denial, which produced no impression either upon the Senate or the country. As Mr. Welsh points out, Mr. Quay merely denies, instead of taking the obvious course which a man really seeking vindication would adopt, namely, to call upon the living witnesses of the transaction to substantiate his word. These gentlemen are known; they are men of character; they know that the charges against Mr. Quay are generally believed to be true. If they knew them to be false, would they permit him to suffer universal condemnation?

To call a man a Democrat or to deny his Republicanism because he says that the charges are not disproved is merely silly. There is a general party disposition to brand a Republican who insists upon honesty in politics as a very doubtful Republican, and probably a mugwump or an assistant Democrat. Some years ago Lord Salisbury, in a speech at Guildhall, said that Lord Melbourne defined a supporter as one who would support him when he was wrong. That is the standard by which Republicans are judged who ask Mr. Quay and Mr. Wanamaker to explain. Because of the letter signed by Mr. Welsh and other Republicans, stating that Mr. Quay has not disproved the charges, and ought not to be tolerated as a party leader, Mr. Welsh is declared by the Philadelphia *Inquirer* to be an open and relentless foe of the Republican party.

MORALITY AND THE STAGE.

Mr. Henry Irving has declined to discuss the moral influence of the stage on the ground that it is no more open to discussion than that of literature. Like literature and painting, he probably holds the acted drama to be a form of art, and its moral character and influence to be those of all art—sculpture or architecture, for instance. There may be, however, conditions under which any art is pursued which are more or less unfavorable to its good influence.

The stage, for instance, holds the mirror up to nature, like painting. But the repugnance which Jenny Lind felt to the stage, although she had great histrionic genius, shows that there may be something exceedingly disagreeable and even demoralizing in the circumstances under which the art is pursued. Mrs. Fanny Kemble, also, who was of stage descent, so to speak, and was greatly endowed as an artist, shared the feeling of repugnance to the stage, and gladly abandoned it at an early age.

The social outlawry of actors by the Puritanic spirit was part of the general Puritan iconoclasm of art. But its long survival was due to the general recognition of conditions of the theatre which seemed unfavorable to morality. What these conditions are and why they are would seem to be fair subjects of discussion. That the moral influence of the drama, which is the highest form of literature, is not open to debate may be safely assumed. But why did the theatre lie so long under the ban of morality, and why is that ban so surely disappearing?

PERSONAL.

Lafcadio Hearn, the story-writer, who went to Japan to study the country and its customs and religion, seems to have found an assistant necessary in his researches, for he has married one of the fair daughters of the Chrysanthemum Kingdom. He has also become a professor in a Japanese college; and altogether his surrender to the attractions of that country is more complete even than that of Edwin Arnold threatened to be at one time.

—As Minister Frederick Douglass was born a slave, no record was kept of his birthday, and he never will be able to tell his own age.

—Rudyard Kipling's health was improved by his recent trip to this country, and he will sail for India in September, it is said, to gather material for new stories.

—Austin Corbin owns the whole of Croydon Mountain, an elevation of much more than mole-hill prominence in Sullivan County, New Hampshire.

—The late Hannibal Hamlin was a famous fisherman, and with him died the secret knowledge of the whereabouts in the Maine woods of more than one trout brook from which the veteran angler coaxed famous strings of speckled beauties.

—Cortlandt Palmer, a son of the founder of the Nineteenth Century Club in New York, has recently made his début as a pianist in Paris, and won unusual praise from the critics and others who listened to his music.

—Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wife of the Confederate chieftain, has decided to have the remains of her husband rest permanently in Richmond, Virginia, and six other Southern States that sought the distinction are consequently disappointed.

—An old-time abolitionist, Levi Leland, has just died in Oregon. For a time he was the companion of John B. Gough on the lecture platform, but many years ago he left the East for some unknown reason, and sought seclusion in the far West. For a long time he had lived in a deserted house in the country, near Oregon City, his only companions being his dogs and his books.

—Gounod's health is so poor that he has been forced to give up all work, and even decline to receive callers.

—Among the Mikado's warriors is Colonel Wasson, the first American officer ever admitted to the Japanese army. He has had many strange experiences, and once narrowly escaped being beheaded for participation in an insurrection, but now stands high in official favor, and ranks as a Colonel.

—The late Edward Burgess, the famous yacht designer, designed or helped design two hundred and ten different vessels, from a steam-yacht to a cat-boat. The *Puritan* was his nineteenth design, the *Mayflower* the twenty-fifth, and the *Volunteer* the sixtieth.

—The Rev. William Henry Milburn, D.D., Chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington, and known wherever the English language is spoken as "the blind man eloquent," whom the London *Athenæum* ranked as "next to Milton," and of whom the *Christian World* said that "both in the pulpit and on the platform—as a preacher and lecturer—he is superior to any we have ever heard," has engaged to fill the pulpit of the St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church, in Seventy-sixth Street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, in this city, for six weeks, beginning on August 2d. Wherever he is announced to speak, Dr. Milburn is certain of a large and enthusiastic audience, and not even the heat of the summer is likely to lessen the numbers.

—Theodore Wares, who has made a reputation by his paintings of Japanese subjects, will soon start on a sketching tour through China, Japan, India, and other Eastern countries.

—President Diaz, of Mexico, sets a good example for rulers of other southern republics who affect the gilt and trappings of gaudy regimentals by dressing quietly as a plain citizen.

—John W. Bookwalter, of Springfield, Ohio, the millionaire manufacturer, is to build an agricultural village on a tract of sixty thousand acres in Nebraska.

—Hiram C. Wheeler, the Republican candidate for Governor in Iowa, owns a farm of six thousand acres, and is well known as an importer and raiser of Percheron horses and other valuable stock.

—Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, is at work on a new picture representing Christ and His disciples. He hopes to exhibit it in Europe and this country, after which it will become the property of the National Gallery at Berlin.

—The late Dr. Henry Schliemann left a property of over $1,000,000. About two-thirds of it goes to the two older children of his divorced wife, and the remainder to his second wife and her children.

—Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Bloomington, Indiana, for several years President of the Indiana University, is to be the President of the Leland Stanford, Jun., University at Palo Alto, California. He is to have a salary of $10,000 and a residence, which is probably more than any other college president in this country receives. Dr. Jordan was graduated from Cornell University in 1872, and has distinguished himself in several branches of natural history.

—The Ambler plantation, the site of Jamestown, Virginia, is owned by Captain Francis S. Brown, of New York, but he will probably sell it to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, as money for its purchase is now being raised. The encroachments of the river have been such that a large part of the original town is now under water, little remaining besides the tower of the church where Pocahontas and Rolfe were married, and the graveyard in which many of the early settlers are buried. Steps will be taken to prevent the further advances of the river.

—Lord Charles Beresford is one of the most useful men in the British service. He divides his time between Parliament and the sea, and having a practical knowledge of the navy and its wants, is prepared to push intelligent reforms without regard to the big-wigs and red-tape mandates of the Admiralty Department. He is forty-five years old, and has been a sailor ever since he was a boy, his bravery winning him such rapid promotion that his next advance will make him an Admiral.

—The impression given generally by the pictures of Edmund Clarence Stedman is that he is a large man. On the contrary, he is not above the average stature, while his general personal appearance is that of a cultured and prosperous business man. Mr. Stedman has recently finished a course of lectures on "English Poetry" at Johns Hopkins University, and later on will repeat them at Columbia College.

—Captain Henry C. Hathaway, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, was the American ship-master who rescued John Boyle O'Reilly in the Indian Ocean, after he had escaped from the Australian penal colony. The friends of the dead poet and patriot recently presented the Captain with a testimonial in the shape of a silver bass-relief of his former craft, the *Gazelle*.

—A collection of paintings of the Lake Country, from the brush of Hon. Stephen Coleridge, son of the English Chief Justice, are now on exhibition in London, and have attracted much favorable comment.

—Sir Richard Sutton, the owner of the yacht *Genesta*, has died, and left a fortune estimated at $35,000,000.

—Thomas Baldwin, the aeronaut, was poor and thriftless till he took to dropping from balloons in a parachute. Now, after exhibiting his daring in three-quarters of the globe, he is well-to-do, and his wife wears fine diamonds and decorations which admirers of her husband's exploits have given her.

—Justin McCarthy, the younger, has already written eleven books and seven plays, although he is only thirty years old.

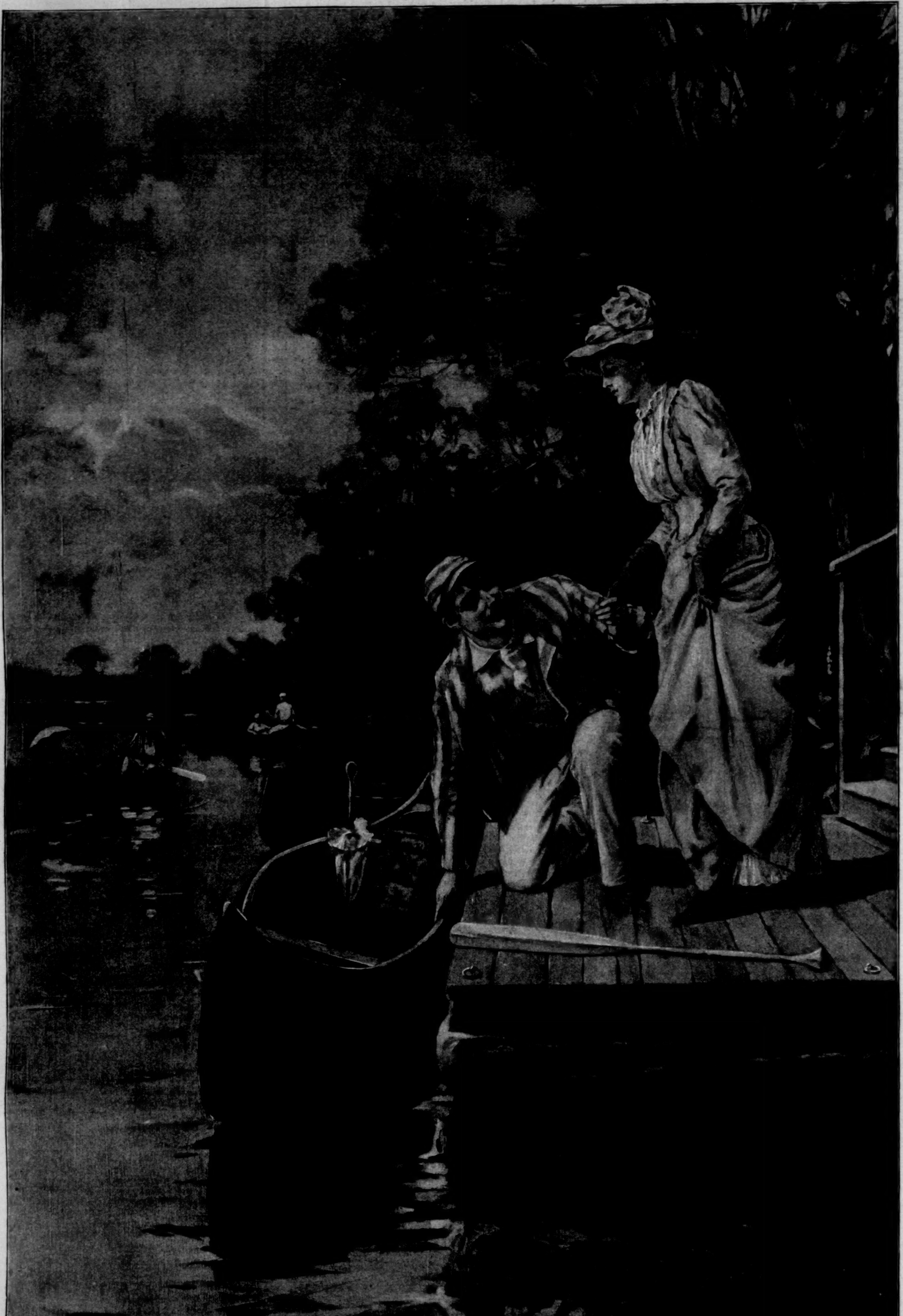
—The recent Commencement at Harvard was attended by Rev. Artemas B. Muzzy, who is eighty-nine years old and a graduate of the class of 1824. He is the oldest member of the Sons of the Revolution, and both his grandfathers fought in the Continental army.

—The new "Old Probs," Professor Mark W. Harrington, of Michigan University, is a college graduate, an astronomer, and a writer on meteorology, but he has yet to make a reputation as a guesser of what the next day's weather will be.

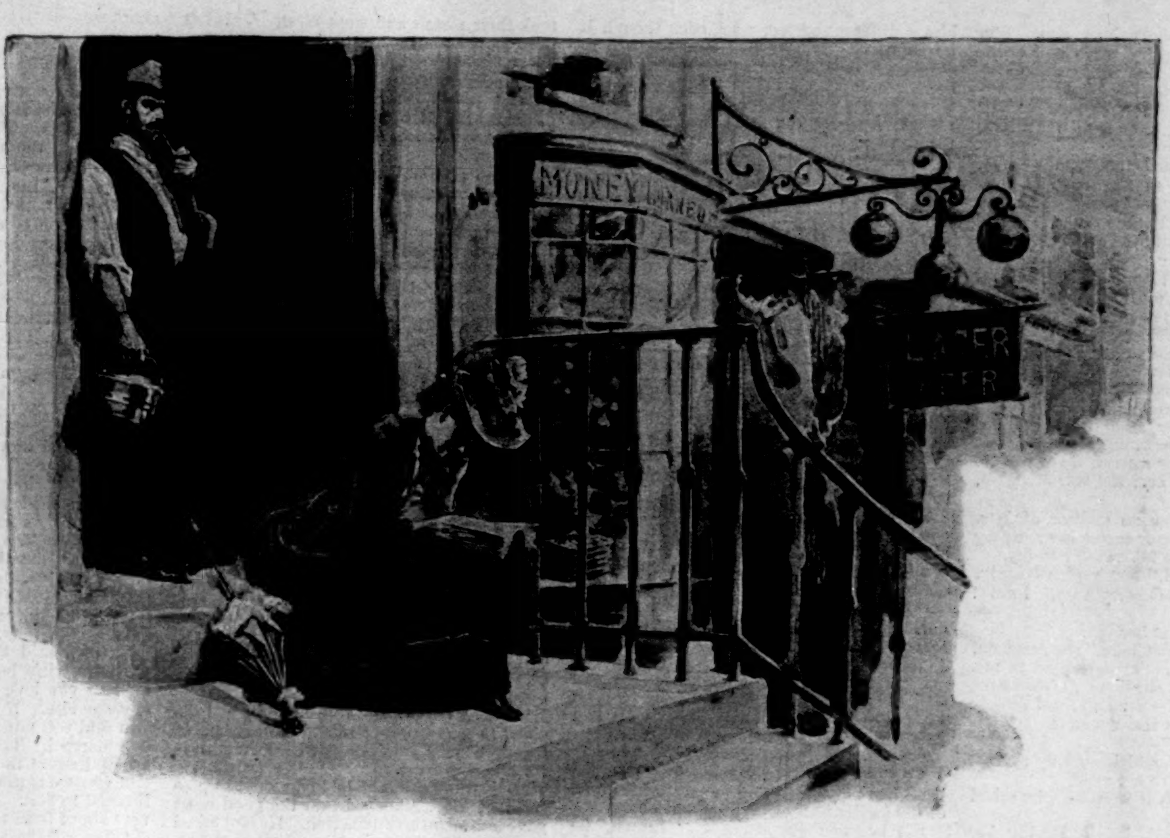
—Colonel W. W. Clapp, one of the oldest and best-known of Boston newspaper men, retires from the ranks of journalism on account of ill health. He surrenders the control of the Boston *Journal* to Stephen O'Meara, a strong and successful journalist.

—Among other distinguished visitors now in this country is a young East Indian Parsee, Bomanji Dinsharrji Petit. He is a son of Sir Winshaw M. Petit, a millionaire and philanthropist, and one of the only two natives ever knighted by Queen Victoria.

—The late Calmann Levy, the Paris publisher, was acquainted with nearly all the famous French writers of the last half-century, and his house enjoyed almost a monopoly of the dramatists. He was the last of four brothers, who were associated in the book trade, and he inherited a fortune of $8,000,000 from his brother Michel, the originator of the firm. The average annual output of Calmann Levy's presses was 1,724,000 volumes and 2,500,000 periodicals, and he kept going 14 paper mills, 30 printing-houses, 13 binderies, and various other factories and workshops.



BOATING ON THE CHARLES RIVER, OUTSIDE OF BOSTON.—Drawn by Frank O. Small.



THE PRINCESS ARIOLONDA.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

WHEN Mrs. Briggs lost her first-born at the nonage of three months, a neighbor gave her a sort of treat by taking her to an asylum for foundlings. The most attractive child there had been found on a step the night before, a florid letter pinned to its frock.

Mrs. Briggs, who was literary in the way of exciting weekly papers devoted to fiction, no sooner read this letter—which stated that a lady in reduced circumstances was compelled by adverse circumstances to temporarily dispose of her beloved daughter—than she declared that the velvet-eyed mite in the cradle was the image of her recently deceased Emma, and decided that, Briggs willing, she would take it, and bring it up as her own. Briggs was willing; better an adopted child than tears for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

When the so-called young Briggs was five years old there were three veritable younger Briggses, and their father had taken to the wrongs of the working-man—drink being one of the rights.

When "Emma" was ten, Briggs despised his employers to their faces, there were five little Briggses, and Mrs. Briggs had "weak" spells, for the alleviation of which Emma fetched beer from the nearest saloon. When the girl was eighteen, Briggs originated his last strike, and lost his situation. For a month he had nothing to do. Then a position was offered him at ten dollars a week; he had never worked for less than twenty.

Ten dollars a week, and eight bodies to feed, clothe, and house!

Tom, junior, was made a cash-boy in a dry-goods establishment, which position he occupied exactly a fortnight, his excessive hilarity during official hours curtailing the expected term of his engagement. Inheriting his mother's taste for literature, he became a newsboy, purchased a pistol, and talked of the West.

The pistol inspired Sam, who incontinently became a dispenser of daily papers till he had sufficient money to purchase a "bull-dog" like his brother's.

The increase of business members of the family added little to the income, though the "growler" grumbled white foam several times a day between the corner saloon and the house.

"We must take a boarder," said Mrs. Briggs.

There was a workman in Briggs's shop, a young fellow from the country, who, when he was guiding a plough, had made up his mind to invent things and become a millionaire. Briggs, though his hand had lost its cunning, still retained a fair knowledge of mechanics, and impressed the country lad with stories of the inefficiency of all workmen except Briggs.

This youth, approached by Briggs, became the boarder.

Where was Emma all this time? Why did she do nothing to add to the general income?

She was a sadly beautiful girl, with great eyes, and a refinement which puzzled beholders, who knew nothing of the truth of the case as to Mrs. Briggs's anachronism in becoming her mother.

She had learned to read, when Mrs. Briggs considered her education an accomplished fact, took her from school, and made her house-keeper, Mrs. Briggs's "weak" spells having grown chronic as the travelling back and forth of the "growler." But Emma took up her education on her own account. She scamped the house-work that she might have time for the story-papers, the nucleus of which Mrs. Briggs had saved for years, the full bloom coming in the extensions of a pink hue which were now published.

Emma voted herself a connoisseur; all fiction was dull except those narratives whose characters were "immensely wealthy," and who revolved in the very finest social atmosphere, with the most startling originality of speech and action. She was forever altering her frocks, making them "stylish," and she wore her hats as hats were worn by the actresses whose pictures figured on the theatrical bill-boards.

Before Briggs lost his twenty-dollar situation Mrs. Briggs began to buy, on the instalment plan, plush photograph albums, and velvet rugs with marvellous peacocks on them. The collector who came for the weekly payments was young, and he wore a diamond ring. He called Emma "Miss Briggs."

He came once when Mrs. Briggs was not at home. It was one of Emma's "pretty days." The collector staid quite a while, chatting and admiring. As he was leaving he incidentally mentioned that he had sat so long his foot was asleep, but that it would have to wake up, for he was going to use it for all it was worth the following Saturday evening, when he would attend a "social," of which he was a member.

"How grand!" said Emma. "I suppose it 'll be in the 'society news' in the Sunday papers, too. I suppose you are passionately fond of dancing, Mr. White?"

Mr. White admitted that he was a trifle stuck on terpsichorean revels in general, adding, "Wouldn't you like to go Saturday?"

"Me?" she said. "Oh my, no. I don't go much. The fact is—well, I haven't got a dress hardly fit for balls."

"What's the matter with the one you've got on?" he asked.

"This?" she laughed, contemptuously. "Besides, I can't dance. Nobody would notice me, Mr. White."

Mr. White gave vent to a low whistle, and Emma flushed, and felt that this was respect and admiration indeed.

When Mrs. Briggs came in, she heard that the collector had been there. "I went out a-purpose," said Mrs. Briggs. "We 'ain't had any money since your father lost his twenty-dollar place, six weeks ago. Now the boarder's come, maybe I can pay somethin' in a couple o' weeks. How was he—sassy?"

"No, indeed," answered Emma. "I don't think he said much about the dues. I'm going to a 'social' with him Saturday night."

"I'd like to see you," was all that Mrs. Briggs accorded her, and that ended the matter for the time being.

Saturday night came.

"Where's Em?" asked Briggs.

"How should I know?" snapped his wife. "She's went to the free lib'ary to borry a novel for to-morrow, I guess."

It was past midnight when the girl reached home. She had been to the "social."

"Didn't I tell you you shouldn't go?" demanded Mrs. Briggs.

"But I said I was going," returned Emma, "and I went." She caught Mrs. Briggs's upraised hand. "Oh, don't, mother," she said, piteously. "I've had such a good time! I was the best-looking girl there, they told me, and everybody wanted to dance with me, and Mr. White was jealous. Hit me some other time, but not now, dearie."

But the hand descended.

The next day Mrs. Briggs told her she must get something to do. Emma answered nothing, but her head was high in the air. That blow of the night before, coming as it did on the pleasure and success she had had, roused all the obstinacy in her. She made up her mind that she was to be forced to work out of sheer spite, and she would see who could hold out the longest, she or her mother.

As she was leaving the room this morning, broad-shouldered, clumsy Tarry Scott, the boarder, came in. She had laughed at him from the first, and wondered why she should so often think of him.

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself last night," he said.

"And I'm sorry I went," she returned, sullenly. "I didn't mean any harm. I knew mother wouldn't let me go, just out of spite; she can't be hard enough in some things. I don't care; I had a good time, anyway."

After the "social" and the pleasure he had given her, Mr. White felt that it devolved upon him to visit the house as a guest, and not merely in the capacity of a business agent. Whereupon Mrs. Briggs became conscience-stricken. She had done wrong in opposing Emma, for this was a good match for the girl. She made all the amends she could by treating White as a sort of invalid. Emma laughed.

One evening when White was there, Scott made for the parlor.

"Give 'em a chance," frowned Mrs. Briggs; and the young man looked at her understandingly, and turned on his heel and went to his own room.

Pretty soon White rushed from the parlor, from the house. Mrs. Briggs, going in to Emma, asked the meaning of it. Emma was reading a yellow-covered book. Without glancing up, she said,

"Mr. White asked me to marry him; but I found that my heart was not his, so I was forced to decline the honor he would have conferred upon me."

Mrs. Briggs had conned many such a speech in the palmy days of her own novel-reading. "You don't mean to say," she began, when Emma interrupted her.

"Was I ever christened?" she asked.

The irrelevancy of the question was certainly irritating.

"No," answered Mrs. Briggs. "But I ask you if you—"

"I'm glad I was never christened," cried Emma. "I'm reading the loveliest book! A poor girl wants to be good and true, and everything round her is just awful. There's a hunger and want in her she can't give a name to; and it's funny, but she misses things she's never had. She never knew who she was, till they found she'd been changed at her birth. She turns out to be a princess—the Princess Ariolonda, and gets all the good there is in life. I'm going to name myself after her."

Mrs. Briggs made a dash for the yellow-covered epitome of romance, when, looking around, she saw Scott in the room. "She's went and shook Mr. White," she said. "What do you think of that?"

"The man I marry," said Emma, placidly, "I must love and respect," and so left the room.

Mrs. Briggs was furious. She went to the kitchen and told Briggs all that had occurred. "I'll let her know who she is," she fumed, "to throw away a chance like that. *Who* she is? I can't tell her that, but I'll tell her *what* she is."

"She sha'n't be told," said Briggs. "You needn't work that racket. She sha'n't be told."

Whereupon his wife told him what *he* was. Not to be outdone, he ventilated his knowledge concerning some little episodes of Mrs. Briggs's father's life, till all at once Mrs. Briggs took to screaming.

Emma rushed in. "Did you strike her?" she demanded of Briggs.

"I didn't lay my finger on her," he answered. "She was goin' on about you, and I give her as good as she sent."

"About me!" said Emma. "I'm terrible sorry. And I'm sorry I went to that old 'social,' too. Poor mother!" and she went up to her caressingly.

"Go 'way!" shrilled Mrs. Briggs. "I won't be touched by a basket brat. Princess Ariolonda, is it? Yes, you're like her, for nobody knows who you are. Look here!" She hurried to the table drawer and dragged out a Bible, opened it at a place where there was a soft little lock of the original Emma's hair beside a folded scrap of paper. She took the paper and threw it towards Emma.

Emma's greatest wonder was why she had never seen the paper and the hair before; it must have been because they were in the Bible. Had they been in any other book, she would have found them long ago. She stooped and picked up the paper and opened it. "'Lady in reduced circumstances,'" she read aloud, "'compelled by adverse circumstances to temporarily dispose of her beloved daughter.'" She looked at Mrs. Briggs.

"It's you!" screamed the irate woman. "There ain't a drop of my blood in your body. I got you at the 'sylum. You're a fo'ndling—picked up in the street. There!" and she turned defiantly to her husband.

Emma was stunned; it took her some time to realize the truth. Then her fingers closed tightly, convulsively, over the paper in her hand. "It appears my name can be whatever I choose," she said, and smiled. A hectic brightness had come into her cheeks, and she moved about the room, setting it to rights, apparently unconscious of the bickering kept up between the husband and wife.

But that night her sobs shook the bed under her. In the morning her eyes were red and swollen. For a week there was no doing anything with her; she was arrogant, sharp of tongue.

Scott, who had been an auditor of Mrs. Briggs's confession, came across her weeping in the upper entry the following Sunday.

"I ain't sorrowful," she said, savagely. "I'm only mad. I ain't sorry a bit. I ain't! I ain't!"

He mutely looked at her.

"I haven't any right here," she went on. "I'm eating bread that's begrudged to me. I'll go to work—only she'll say she drove me to it. And she'll tell everybody, and nobody likes a girl that don't know who she is."

"Poor Ariolonda!"

She wilted at that, and leaned up against the wall, abandoned to her grief.

Awkwardly though it was done, he asked her to be his wife.

"No, no," she said, hastily drying her eyes; "you only say that because you pity me."

"I say it for more than pity," he returned. "Ever since I first saw you I liked you more than any girl I ever knew."

She glanced shyly at him. Then she straightened herself, and put her handkerchief in her pocket.

"I've made you say that too," she said. "No. If Mrs. Briggs was my mother, I might do what you want me to. But now—no, no."

In the mean while Mrs. Briggs had secretly seen White, and urged him to try again. She was frightened at what she had done. Emma's new manner was not to be analyzed. Besides, Briggs, since the divulging of the secret regarding Emma's position in the family, had steadfastly refused to work, and had discovered a basement saloon whose steps were so slippery that he no sooner neared them than he found himself at the bottom of them, a glass in his hand, haranguing about the tyranny of capital over labor. She must do something to set matters right, thought Mrs. Briggs, so she saw White. Emma would not surely refuse him now, and she would promise the girl that White should never know she was not a *bona fide* Briggs.

White "caught on," as he afterwards expressed it, but she had to tell him the whole truth, he in turn promising that Emma should never find out that he knew.

He called at the house in all the bravery of a new suit of clothes, the diamond ring strung on his silken scarf.

"Em," he said, with a new familiarity, "your folks are awfully behindhand in paying up. The boss threatens to seize. Your mother—that is, Mrs. Briggs—has told me pretty much all there is to tell. I'll never give it away. But don't you think you owe her something? I'll pay all the back instalments, and get a new chamber suit besides. Say, I don't care a continental if you don't know who your mother and father are; just you marry me, and that 'll set everything straight—see?"

Scott was in the entry, and heard him. He saw the look on Emma's face. He went into the room, laid his brawny hand on the collector's collar, and assisted him into the street. When he went back to the parlor, Emma had disappeared.

White the next day sent a man for the back dues. Mrs. Briggs had the money; Scott had advanced it; and another change had come over Emma. She was quiet, preoccupied. In a little while it dawned upon her that the house was mainly kept up by Scott. She set her teeth close together.

Then one day Briggs, who was past noticing anything, came home with two tickets for a drill at an armory. "You and Em might go," he said to his wife.

"I've got clothes to go to drills in, haven't I?" retorted she. "Tarry might take Em;" and a new idea seemed to come to her.

They were at the supper table. Scott looked over at Emma, and she slightly smiled in acquiescence of Mrs. Briggs's suggestion.

She was ready before Scott was, and waited at the front door for him. She was glad of the prospect of walking out in the crisp night air with him, away from the atmosphere of the home to which she felt she had no right. They went through the streets nearly silent, and she was rested for the first time in many a day. She would have turned from the armory when they reached there. She would have liked him to speak to her as he had spoken that time when he had found her crying in the upper entry. She would give him a different answer now, even though it might be largely pity that actuated him to speak. Ever since she had first met him she had thought much about him, while now, when her life seemed to have had a blight set upon it, a newer and more beautiful feeling for him and his protecting care came to her.

"Tarry," she said, pausing half-way up the tall flight of stone steps leading to the entrance of the armory, "do I seem very cross to you most of the time?"

"That's all right," he returned. "I always excuse you." Excuse her! Then it was pity, and only pity, for her. "Besides," he went on, "if I were you I'd get something to do. You'd feel more independent."

She ran up the steps and into the armory, even pushing ahead of him when he stopped to give up the tickets to the man collecting them. He thought she had never looked more beautiful, her eyes had never been so bright.

She was desperate, reckless. No one understood her, no one cared for her, and he was getting tired of contributing toward her support.

That drill! The captain of one of the companies, a man with a history and a purple mustache, halted in front of Emma and Scott, and ran his gleaming sword over his white-gloved fingers.

"Hen-shun, humpnay!" his voice pumped out. "Car-ray hom! Byfors mutch!" and he was off again, but his glance abided with Emma.

After the drill he sauntered near her, and she pretended not to see him, till she dropped her handkerchief, and he picked it up, and handed it to her with an elaborate bow.

"Thanks, awfully," she said.

All the way home she hummed a tune the band had played. She was not in the mood of the earlier part of the evening.

Her humor irritated Scott. "Emma," he said, gently, as he inserted his latch-key in the door.

"Open the door," she said.

He flung it open with a bang, and she passed by him into the dark house. He had meant to say to her then and there something of what he had said that memorable time in the upstairs entry.

And there was Emma in her poor little room, sitting at the side of her bed, reading by the light of the coal-oil lamp a paper that rested in her lap. It was the paper Mrs. Briggs had given her from the Bible—the paper that had been pinned to her frock when she had been found on the step so many years back.

"My mother wrote this," she said. "She *must* have loved me, or she wouldn't have taken the trouble to write it. Her 'beloved daughter!'"

She put out the light, and sat there in the dark with her things on, just as she had come from the drill.

Several days later who should come for the instalment money but White himself! He was very affable with Mrs. Briggs; let by-gones be by-gones.

"Hope you're all tip-top," he politely said. "I know Em is; I often see her. I suppose she's at a matinée with the captain. I saw her there last Saturday."

"What captain?" asked Mrs. Briggs.

"Oh, you know," he laughed. "Captain Granger, a regular la-la. There's no dust on *him*. Ta-ta!"

While they were at supper, all except Briggs, Emma came in.

"So you've been with the captain," said Mrs. Briggs.

"Who told you?" asked Emma. Then, "Oh, I know," and looked at Scott. "Now see here, mother—"

"*Your* mother!" sneered Mrs. Briggs.

Emma sprang at her, only to stop abruptly and face Scott.

"You've been berating a man who don't only pity me for my misfortunes," she said, "but who respects me. I saw you yesterday when I was talking with him."

"I have not mentioned him," replied Scott. "But if he respects you, as you say, why don't he visit you in your home?"

"I have no home," she said, bitterly. "I have no right here. She"—pointing to Mrs. Briggs—"would insult him if he came."

"Go to your room!" cried Mrs. Briggs; and Emma obeyed her.

That night Briggs did not come home. In the morning Scott was called from his work to meet Mrs. Briggs, who was in a state bordering on hysteria. Briggs, while under the influence of liquor, had fallen in some sort of a fit, and been carried to a hospital.

"And Em's run off," wailed Mrs. Briggs. "She was married to Captain Granger yesterday; it's in the paper—'Edward Granger to Emma Briggs,' which ain't her name."

Scott was dazed. He went to the hospital, and found Briggs fighting a legion of imaginary animals. He staid till the man died, a few hours later.

"Oh," said Mrs. Briggs, "if I'd only insured him! I could 'a' done it for fifteen cents a week. Then he wouldn't have a measly funeral like he'll get now. When little Emma died—my *own* Emma, not that thing—we gave her ten carriages and a good dinner afterwards. The neighbors said they never seen a tonier funeral."

All the same, the grave of the original Emma yawned widely and deeply, and laid close to the dust of the baby was the wreck of its father. And Scott was in a hole. On the death of their father the two older boys took their pistols and went West. This left the widow with the three remaining children. Scott took a part of a house, and moved the family into it. His wages were small, but the position of usher in a theatre was offered him. He found that, with Mrs. Briggs's assistance, he could also be janitor in a church.

He did all for love of Emma. She was never out of his mind. Her lovely face had bewitched a man in a social sphere higher than her own, and he thought of her as growing more beautiful every day, happy, admired, taking on, with a woman's tact, the gentler ways of those who surrounded her.

And here he was, taking care of the family that had once been hers, and likely to remain a poor drudge all the rest of his life.

He had much trouble with Mrs. Briggs, and finding that the three children were likely to follow in the footsteps of Tom and Sam, he put them in homes in that part of the country from which he had come, and their mother called him a heartless wretch for so doing. Then Mrs. Briggs, as sweeper-out of the church, began to take an interest in things clerical, and inveighed against all wrong-doing, especially ingratitude, and was on the high-road to becoming a shining example.

After that she required less watching, for she was a watcher herself now, and suspicious of the intentions of every one.

Slowly, troublously, three years rolled by, and Scott was twenty-five, an incessant worker, with a dogged determination to let no disappointment wreck him.

One day he was told that his firm had decided to send him to Brazil to take charge of a gang of men going there with locomotives for a new railway.

He had not thought he had worked up so far, and was astonished that the good news gave him so little satisfaction. He had toiled in a feverish, tireless way, and when the reward came, it meant little to him.

He laid the matter before Mrs. Briggs. He looked at her as she bewailed her lot and accused him of being ungrateful for all her motherly care of him.

Before he could check himself he was passionately telling her that for three years he had loved some one, and although his love was hopeless, he could not give it up.

It was the first outburst of a quiet, retentive nature, and all the more feeble in consequence of the unguarded moment.

When he had finished, and she had not said a word, it all palled upon him, and he asked himself why he should not stay where he was, and make this poor creature's life happier than it had ever been before.

But the trouble was with his employers. They gave him a week to decide if it were better to please himself or them.

The night before this week was completed, and when, as yet, he had come to no conclusion, Mrs. Briggs spoke her mind freely regarding him and his mysterious love affair of three years' standing.

To escape the jar of her voice, he went out into the street. "What do I care for advancement?" he thought, as he walked along. "Perhaps I owe the poor thing more than I have done for her."

The night was very beautiful; the sky had in it that wistful stillness of a bright moon, with flecks of snowy clouds breaking across its light.

He found that his wanderings had led him opposite the old house which the Briggses had formerly occupied. There was a bill on it. The window of the room that had been Emma's had its shutters open, and the moon showed how the glass had been a target for the boys of the neighborhood.

"Tarry!" said a low voice that made his heart bound.

A woman was crouched upon the steps of the house. He knew her, and a wild exultation overpowered him.

"Ariolonda!"

She had not heard the foolish old name for more than three years.

"Don't!" she said, putting up her hand. "And tell me why this house is empty. Where are they all?"

He told her the story of the empty house.

"Then I have no friends, no home," she said, drearily; "and I am wayworn and tired and penniless."

"Where is your husband?" he asked her.

She gave a deep groan. "Dead," she said, and her head bent down to her knees in abject misery.

Scott did not reach home till late that night. The next morning he told Mrs. Briggs that he had decided to go to Brazil, and made some money arrangements in her favor.

Mrs. Briggs became dangerously silent, and remained so during the rest of his stay near her. When the day of his departure came, she was absent from the house when he would have bid her farewell. He was late as it was; he could not stay to look for her.

When the ship's bell was ringing, the whistles screeching, Mrs. Briggs, on the wharf, saw Scott on the vessel's deck, and, true to her suspicions, a woman was with him. She forced her way to the gangway, and demanded to see him.

"Who is that woman," she asked, "that makes you desert me?"

"My wife is with me," he answered. "We were married this morning."

"And there's all that rot you told me about somebody you've loved for years, and you used to try to make up to Em—"

"Would you forgive Emma if you found her now?"

"I'd tell the whole world what she was."

Scott turned from her, and the gang-plank was drawn in. The ship shivered, the people cheered, those who were leaving and those who were left joining in the cry; the ship moved, the current caught her, she drifted slowly, solemnly on.

Mrs. Briggs, turning away with the crowd, almost fell into the arms of a gentleman with a purple mustache, who had reached the slip just as the vessel sailed out.

"My good woman," he said, "were you on board? Was there a pale, beautiful lady there?"

"There was a scoundrel there," interrupted Mrs. Briggs, "that's all I know;" and left him.

A little while before this, Emma, standing beside Scott, suddenly grasped his arm.

"Take me down to the cabin," she said. "I am not well."

She staid below the rest of the day, pleading indisposition.

In the early evening she let Scott take her up on deck. The men were playing cards in the saloon, and their voices, with now and then a laugh, came up to the man and woman who had the stern of the ship to themselves. The moon was rising, and the water danced with light.

"Now," said Scott, his arm around his wife, "my life begins. For you have told me that you love me, and have never loved any one else. Do you remember that time you said you must love and respect the man you married. Then you ought to know how happy I am at this moment."

A strange expression was in her face as she listened to him. The card-playing men sent up a shout from the saloon.

"Tarry," she said, gazing out across the water, "I am cold. Get me my shawl."

He had left her side, when, with a sharp voice, she called him back.

"Tarry," she said, "suppose a weak, desperate girl married a man for protection from herself, and finds out that he had been married once before, and been divorced from his wife? Suppose she finds out that this divorce was obtained in a State far from her own, and that in the State where she was married it does not hold good, and in the eyes of the law she is not a wife at all? Suppose, as soon as she knows this, she runs away from her husband and toils and moils for three years to keep herself a good true woman, though her heart is wellnigh broken? Suppose at the last a longing comes to her to see once more the only place she knows as home, the only people she can call her own, and she goes there, and—"

She could have cried out at the glassiness of his eyes. She had told him her story; she had seen Granger on the wharf as the ship sailed out; and the only man who had ever called forth her love believed that she had wantonly deceived him.

"I will get your shawl," Scott said, coldly.

"Tarry," she said, piteously, "won't you believe in me? I have told you the truth, so help me, Heaven! My life has been unhappy all through, but I have tried to be true to my womanhood. I am your wife according to all law, and no other man has the right to claim me. Granger did not mean to deceive me, he said, and when I left him he vowed he would get a new divorce and marry me over again. The day before you found me at the old house I heard of the death of his wife. I knew he would come after me, so I ran away, for I would never be his wife. I saw the wrong I had done before in consenting to marry him while I thought only of you, who, I feared, only pitied me for my helplessness. When you found me I was so glad to see you, and I was ashamed to tell you the miserable truth. I told you Captain Granger was dead."

"I will get your shawl," he said.

She watched him cross the deck, she saw him go down towards her state-room. The moon had risen, and the water was a vast stretch of living silver. The men in the saloon were merrier than ever. She rose to her feet, and tottered over to the side of the ship.

"I can stand no more," she said. "Life has been hard to me. I can stand no more."

She tore open the front of her gown, and took out a little worn paper and unfolded it in the moonlight. "My mother!" she said. "She wrote here that I was her beloved daughter;" and pressed the old paper to her lips. It had been her solace these three years, that paper.

Then she was climbing up the side of the ship, was balancing herself against the rigging. Once more she held to her lips the paper that told of the only love she thought she had the right to claim; she let it go, and it fluttered down to the hurrying water. A moment's mute upturning of her face to the bright sky of moon and stars, and then she let go the rigging and swayed—

When she was caught in a strong grasp, and lifted to the deck again.

"I do believe you," said Scott, with shaking voice. "I love you, my poor girl, my poor wife, my poor Princess Ariolonda, who shall gain all the good there is in life—love!"

She sank into his arms, her eyes closed, weak and spent as the child just born into the life that welcomes it with joy and protecting care.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

'Tis like a patient, faithful soul
That, having reached its saintly goal,
And seeing others far astray
In storms of darkness and dismay,
Shines out o'er life's tempestuous sea,
A beacon to some sheltered lee—
The haven of eternity.

Gustav Kobbé.

THE NEW WEATHER BUREAU OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

On July 1, 1891, the Signal Service work was transferred from the United States army to the Department of Agriculture, the new organization becoming known as the United States Weather Bureau. General Greely on that date retired from further management of the Signal Service, but has continued the preparation of his official report, closing the general business of the old organization. The head of the new bureau is Professor Mark W. Harrington, who will be known officially as Chief of the United States Weather Bureau. The sergeants, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the Signal Service have been regularly discharged from the army, but remain with the new Weather Bureau as meteorological observers. Meantime the Signal Service army officers have been sent to their regiments, with the exception of Major Dunwoody and Lieutenants Finley, Glassford, and Maxfield, who are retained because of their special skill in meteorological work. These officers will probably be detailed permanently to the Weather Bureau, but with resignation, retirement, or death, their places will be filled by the appointment of additional civilian professors. The professional force of the new Weather Bureau includes Professor Cleveland Abbe, whose province is general meteorology and physics, and who was associated with General Myer in the organization of the Signal Service. Professor C. R. Marvin is in charge of the Instrument Division, and Professor H. A. Hazen has made special investigations of thunder-storms and tornadoes, in which Lieutenant Finley's researches and discoveries will also be of great value. Professor Thomas Russell's studies of cold waves are widely known and highly valued by meteorologists.

The principal problem which the new Weather Bureau will try and solve will be the improvement of the predictions. If this can be done, the financial loss due to miscalculations regarding frosts, rainfall, droughts, and great storms will be much lessened as related to agricultural, marine, and commercial interests. Professor Harrington believes that the forecasts of local rain can be improved by greatly extending the number of local stations, and that observations taken high in the air will greatly aid the advancement of weather science. He is at present actively engaged in establishing local centres of weather prediction, it being part of his plan to especially emphasize the importance of local indications. It has been discovered during recent years, while carrying forward the Signal Service work, that the predictions at Washington for the country in general were not equal to the special predictions made at local centres. This was shown in the excellent results achieved by Sergeant E. B. Dunn, of New York, and J. W. Smith, of Boston. The admirable local predictions made by Mr. H. H. Clayton, of the Blue Hill Observatory—Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, director—near Boston, Massachusetts, also emphasize the importance of these local stations. Washington is merely the executive office. New York and Boston are the most important stations for observation, owing to their vast marine and commercial interests and the widely diffused suburban population affected by the local weather forecasts for these cities. The investigation of local storms by the New England Meteorological Society—Professor William M. Davis, director—has shown that a line of rain a few miles in width but many hundred miles in length may steadily advance over an immense extent of territory. It is clear that when the Weather Bureau has increased the number of local centres of weather prediction the approach of rain will be announced with such an improvement in the verifications that the results will be of great value.

While the new Weather Bureau intends to serve the interests of commerce, as the Signal Service has done, and with even greater elaboration, it is also proposed that equal attention be paid to the interests of agriculture. Professor Harrington's intended improvements will result in a great increase of work. The mere possibility of delivering weather forecasts to farmers scattered over sparsely settled regions calls for an immense amount of detailed organization. Professor Nipher has suggested that the telephone be used, and Professor Harrington believes that when the telephone patents expire a comparatively inexpensive system of transmitting intelligence will place rain, frost, and storm predictions in the hands of farmers in time to greatly lessen the losses due to extreme weather changes. As pointed out by him, the most formidable obstacle to be overcome regarding rain prediction, which is of vital importance to the farming interest, is the occurrence of sudden downpours over a territory too small to be affected by observations taken from widely scattered instruments. The telegraph and the telephone transmit effects with so much more rapidity than the atmosphere that even these sudden irregularities of weather will be foreseen to an extent that will make predictions very valuable. It seems probable that with the aid of electricity Professor Harrington's plans for the future benefit of the people may be more than realized.

One of the marked improvements suggested by Professor Harrington and reaffirmed by Sergeant E. B. Dunn, of the New York office, is that the display of cautionary signals for the protection of lake and ocean traffic be limited to occasions when really dangerous winds are approaching. Under the Signal Service regulations such signals might be hoisted for fresh breezes. Cautionary signals were improperly used on the Great Lakes as indicating the best time to venture forth for rapid sailing. Sergeant Dunn, in his annual report of the New York office for 1890, says that if storm signals were displayed only for winds showing a velocity of from thirty-five to forty miles an hour, the ship-masters would get the full value of the signals. Professor Harrington believes that possibly by limiting the storm signals to dangerous winds only, a higher average of verification could be obtained and better satisfaction given to the public.

The relative effects or possibilities of variations in climate for practically unknown regions have as yet received little investigation. The new bureau will direct special attention to the diffusion of more definite information concerning the climate of special regions. An important phase of this subject is the discovery and classification of the possibilities of extreme drought in parts of States. The relation of vanishing forests to rainfall remains to be demonstrated in detail by means of carefully recorded observations. The condition of settlers who judge the climate of a hitherto sparsely inhabited region by chance favorable reports is sometimes deplorable, owing to the sudden appearance of droughts or devastating waves of extreme cold that break in upon several years of good fortune. The new Weather Bureau will pay special attention to a record of such destructive influences, and so prevent much suffering and financial loss. More definite knowledge of the limits of the arid regions west of the Mississippi will also prevent costly mistakes in establishing farms and temporary settlements where attempts are made to wring a living from the soil.

It is evident that the new bureau is beginning a career that will make this country lead all others in weather science. Of course years will elapse while Professor Harrington's many proposed improvements are steadily approaching realization.

Professor Mark W. Harrington, who descended from the early settlers of New England, was born in 1848, near Sagamore, Illinois. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1868, when he entered the Department of Biological Science in that university as instructor. In 1870 he went to Alaska to make astronomical observations for a party sent out by the United States Coast Survey, and in 1876 he went to Leipsic to study in the university. He was during that year appointed Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in the school of the Chinese Foreign Office at Pekin. He became director of the Astronomical Observatory of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, in 1879. He is a member of the Royal Meteorological Society of London, and a life member of the Linnæan Society. In 1884 he founded the *American Meteorological Journal* at Ann Arbor, which, as a contribution to the advancement of science, he has since continued to publish at a financial sacrifice. He is a prolific writer, who is well versed in meteorological, astronomical, and mathematical literature, and he has travelled extensively.

THE PURGING OF THE STATE-HOUSE.

"The portrait of ex-City Treasurer John Bardsley was yesterday removed from the Chamber of Common Councils in the State-house."—*Philadelphia daily paper.*

"They've torn the buttons off his coat
And cut the stripes away."—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Out on Chestnut Street, beyond the marble smirk of Bailly's dapper, albeit dusty, figure of Washington, one can almost see the waves of heat. But from the sacred square to the south of the old hall there comes, through the deep-set windows, a breeze and a pleasant droning sound that might be the far hum of bees, or might be a ghostly murmur of the voices of great multitudes met in old days in the old square to confer upon the public duty in times of public peril.

It is, however, only the southern wind, heated in the courts and alleys of the old colonial quarter, cooled by the green of the square. It sets the old custodian adoze with its hesitating minors, and I, lounging in the eastern hall of the lower floor of the State-house this idle July afternoon, do I too doze and dream, or do I hear what follows, or seems to follow:

"What puffing plague hath seized that old Tory in snuff-color, with confection trimmings on his wrists that make his hands look more than ever like purple plum-puddings? Tell Dr. Rush that he will soon have a distinguished patient in an apoplexy."

From the row of foreign soldiers beneath the place when Dr. Franklin wreathed with this quip his rather loose and fleshy lips there echoed a laugh. It may have been from old Steuben, or De Kalb, or Pulaski; it certainly could not have been that weak-chinned pattern of deportment, the Marquis de Lafayette, who answered: "The doings of his fellow-Englishman distract his mind. He hath been fretting this month or more."

A dry, ghostly cachinnation from the other occupants of the halls echoed the soldier's gibe.

Here may be allowed a word of explanation. All the world north of Holmesburg, south of Gray's Ferry, west of Darby, and east of Smith's Island, calls the old building on the south side of Chestnut Street, between Fifth and Sixth, Independence Hall. None of the great, strong, sluggish world within those four boundaries calls it so. It says, "The State-house." So it was called a hundred and fifty and more years ago, when it was built, long before that incident of a Declaration, and that other one of a Constitution. So it is called now in the speech of the people. Philadelphia does not lightly change. Philadelphia kindled slowly for revolution. Philadelphia flared and blazed and glowed into an undying fire against rebellion. That which the rest of the world calls Independence Hall is to Philadelphia only the eastern room of the ground-floor of the State-house.

It was in the west room that the disturbance noticed by Dr. Franklin, and mockingly explained by the foreign soldiers, took place.

In the harshest days of the old penal code it is not likely that any miserable thief of horses or of paduasoys saw Chief Justice William Allen in a worse temper saying these hards things: "I opened those rooms upstairs—I opened them, sir, when I was Mayor, in '52, in 1752, sir, when there was a whole ox roasted for the mob, and the colonial gentry testified, one and all, that never had such Madeira passed their lips. But never did I think that a common thief, a fellow of the lewd sort that I have ordered a dozen branded and pilloried and lashed and cropped as a mercy 'gainst hanging in one Monday morning of a Hilary term, should set his phiz up in what I may call my banquet hall."

Then there came a great and pleasant miracle, for the pen of Judge Francis Hopkinson shook violently—the pen which has been poised for a hundred years in a solemn counterfeit of deliberation over the signing of a declaration which was voted for near a month before it was subscribed. As he shook the quill, the judge dropped his century-old simper, and wore an earnest look. He said, "The room was put to a worse use, Brother Allen, when your friend Sir William Howe turned over to the tender mercies of the brutal Provost Cunningham the prisoners therein confined after Germantown."

Even the Calvinistic wig of Dr. Witherspoon nodded assent to this, though the affair was of no particular interest to the Representative in Congress of Princeton College, rapt as he had been for nearly a hundred years in the surprised realization of the extraordinary number of the elect—a number confined, as he had supposed, on earth to those sharing the Scotch interpretation of the Gospel according to St. Paul.

The polished, plausible voice of a thin Frenchy-faced gentleman, whose well-fitting coat, like his convictions, had a certain indecisiveness of color, came like balm upon the wounded proprieties of debate. "The ex-Chief Justice is quite right," said Mr. Dickinson. "The picture should be removed, and I regret the aspersion of a nationality. One of the most distinguished of the patriots here is also an Englishman by birth. I will ask him if he did not, like myself, hear to-day a messenger of Councils declare that he would remove the picture against the meeting of that body to-morrow?"

The portly bottle-green gentleman addressed took contemplative snuff. "I know not," he said. "For these eighty years and more I have devoted to the consideration of the vastness of mine own ruin. I tell you, sir, that it was such that if Mr. Hamilton had caused the infant government to assume the burden of my three millions of debts as well as those of the thirteen States, he would have swamped it. But I cannot understand the doings of these later days. This man of whom you talk took from the government funds millions to meet his private debts. I took from my private funds thousands to meet the government's debts. He went to prison; so did I. It is all one in the end, Mr. Dickinson."

He snapped his snuff-box, and a suspiration of awe seemed to go around the assemblage. They were in the presence of Robert Morris, the greatest private bankrupt and public fiscal officer of his time. It was impossible to discover whether it was the vastness of his personal bankruptcy or the magnitude of his official negotiations that most inspired this noticeable evidence of respect. This was further marked by a perfect silence as he continued: "Sixteen hundred thousand dollars, I overheard said to-day, was the amount of his peculations. If we had had that sum in '83 we should have been spared the sight of the army driving the Congress out of the capital by its mutinous clamors for pay. Yet I cannot see how so vast a sum could have been diverted from its lawful use without leaving some evidence along the banks of whatever channel of speculation its great volume swelled. Yet when I hear these present city fathers speak, they have but one answer to the queries, which seem half facetious. They say, 'It is out of sight,' whereat all laugh, although, for the life of me, I cannot see the humor of the jest. A child might see that this great fund is out of sight."

"Listen!" It was the imperious voice of Chief Justice Allen that was heard.

A silence, broken only by the murmur of the wind among the trees of the square and the heavy breathing of the old custodian, fell upon the two spacious rooms. Overhead there was a sound of feet echoing through the deserted council-chamber, and making a muffled penetration to the halls below. Behind the footsteps came the noise of the dragging of a bulky frame of wood.

"It is a ladder," said Chief Justice Allen, in a startling whisper.

"Hush!" said Dr. Franklin, with a warning finger.

There came then very faintly the scraping sound of wood on glazed plaster. Then silence. Then there was a soft, graduated thud of a heavy body lowered softly till it rested on the floor above. Then came the footsteps retreating, and two dragging sounds behind.

The face of the old Tory in brown grew as purple as his plum-pudding hands.

"Is it down?" he asked, in a kind of stertorous gasp. "Cannot some of you reb—Whigs, I should say—who have overset the king's authority muster enough of it to send a messenger to see if it is down?"

Dr. Franklin's loose lips wreathed in a smile. "'Twill all be in the daily journals of the town, of the whole country, Mr. Justice, if we do. No public man in these days, so I hear, may kiss his wife, or change his shirt, or shake his grandchild's rattle without the notice of a ribald press. And you know you abhor the notoriety conferred by this licentious institution."

"Spare me your wit, Master Printer," answered the Chief Justice, haughtily. "I had a pillory for such rogues in my time."

A rather effeminate-faced and somewhat petulant-looking gentleman, who, unlike those who had spoken, wore his own hair, broke in: "If you Pennsylvania gentlemen will pardon me, one was needed in this State in my time also."

A high bold voice answered: "And if there had been one, would you, Mr. Jefferson, Secretary of State, or your tool and creature Bache, have stood in it for the libels on the President in the *Aurora?*"

"Colonel Hamilton," replied the other, "you have ever misjudged me. You are an enemy of the peop—"

"S-s-h!" A very sibilation of warning passed around the walls of the room as this old controversy began to be renewed in the case of Sharples pastels, where the New York and Virginia gentlemen were lodged. Rapid feet had descended the stairs which wind between the walls of the tower and the long silent Liberty bell. A stout, short, red-faced figure stood in the doorway, and addressed the old custodian. "Wake up, old man," it said. "Come and help me put John Bardsley in the lumber-room."

With the wakening of the old custodian the voices ceased, and none could see from aught about their occasionally somewhat *posé* postures in their frames of tarnished gilt that such a burning question as the companionship of a public thief had perturbed the august elders of the commonwealth.

Yet, as a slanting ray of July sunshine fell through the first-floor windows of the State-house, it seemed to show an expression of relief in the smooth-shaven face of each canvas. And this expression seemed to be shared even by the fair German face of the boy king George, who, standing, life-size, in his coronation robes, surrounded by these archrebels, had always seemed before to wear a startled look, as if those warning words of Chatham's were being realized in his mind.

A. E. Watrous.

WE THREE.

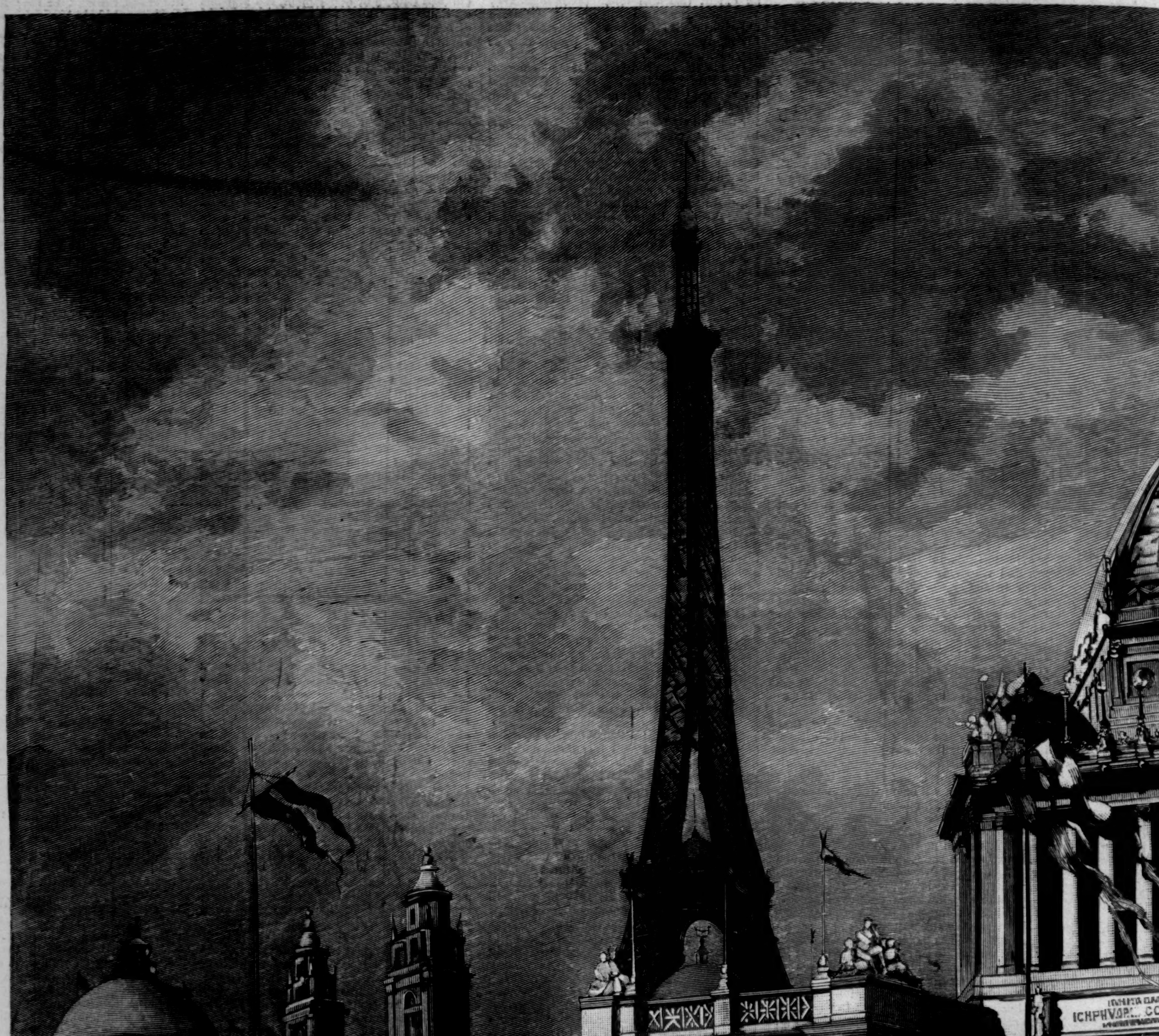
The wild bird's nest dips a quaint salute to the summer wind as he passes,
And the half-ope'd flowers dance a minuet to the rustling of reeds and grasses,
And the waves roll on in a jolly sweep to ferry him over the river,
For his path is the path of a merry heart, and he laughs on his way forever.

The green leaves bow as he hurries on, as though they opined that he knew them,
And the long limbs scrape on the cottage roof as he cheerily whistles through them;
And he sings to me, dear brother, the songs that we used to sing together
When we lay in the shade, and heard the voice that came with the windy weather.

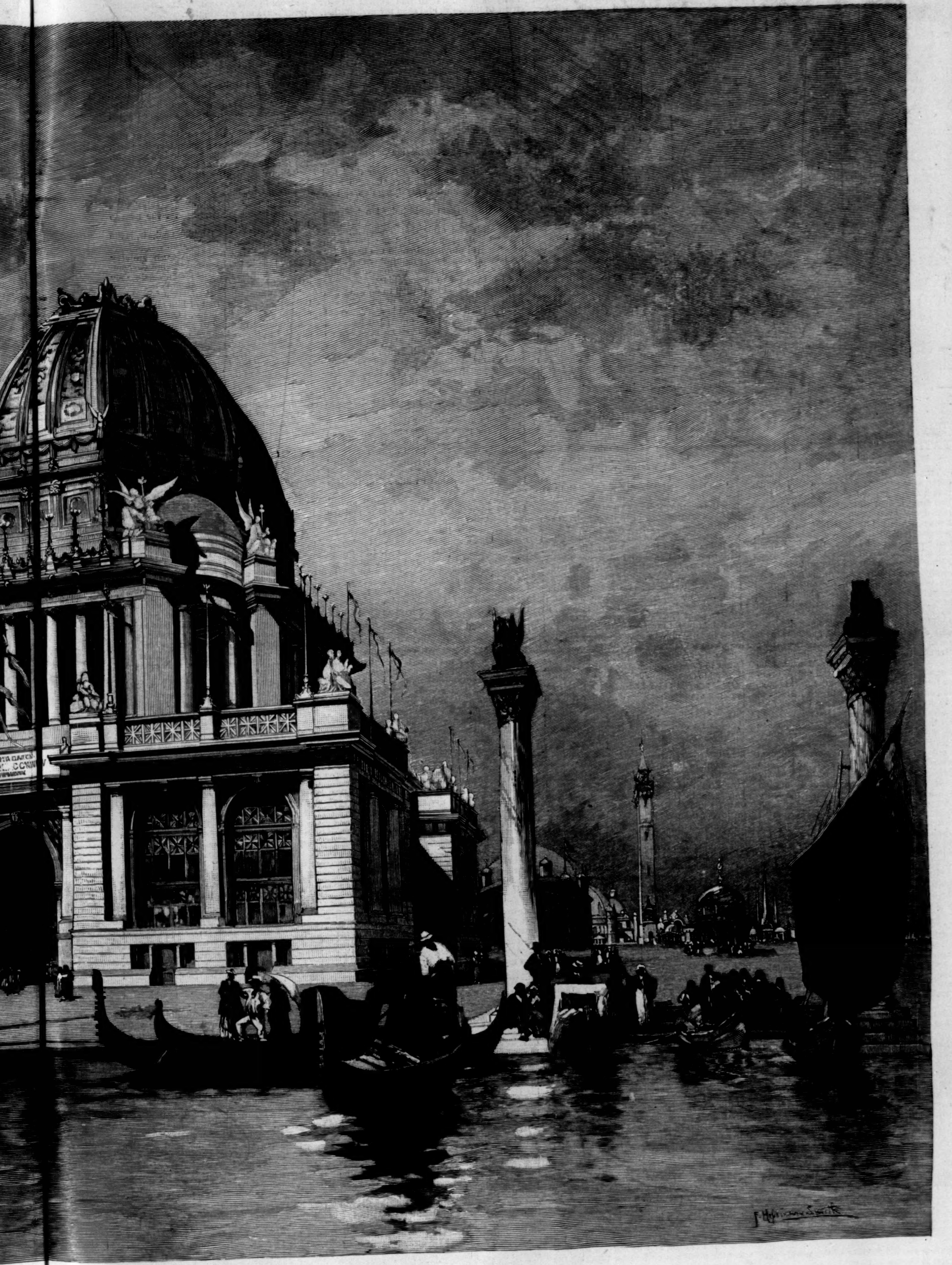
And we were three, we two and the wind, for he was a playmate merry,
With his dreamy songs that he learned in the court of some wonderful woodland fairy.
And he sings them still in a gentle strain, and the early faith he is keeping,
As he kisses the flowers on the hill-side there, where you for years have been sleeping.

And we are three, as in days of old, for the trio shall never be broken,
Though the time may be when I come to you with a boyish smile as a token;
And the hearts of none shall be as true, though to-day they may dearly love us,
As the one dear friend who ever will sing his lullaby sweet above us.

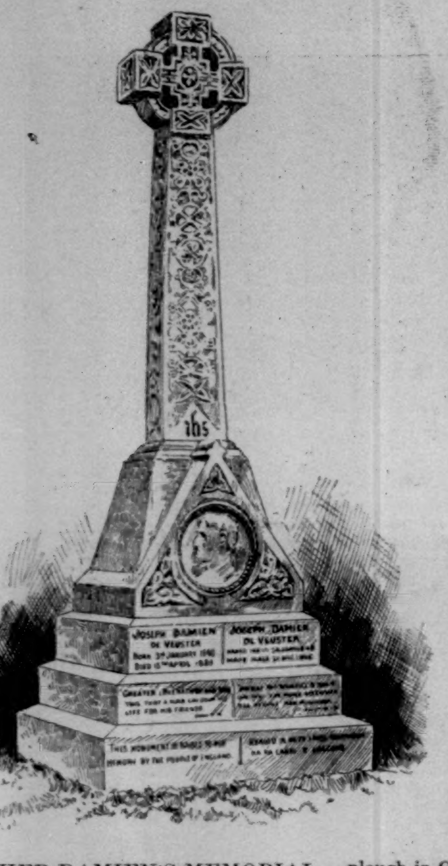
Carl Smith.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR SU



SURROUNDINGS.—From the Water-color Painting by F. Hopkinson Smith, after the Accepted Design by R. M. Hunt, Architect.



FATHER DAMIEN'S MEMORIAL.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE paths of fame and notoriety lie perilously near together, sometimes so close that it is difficult to point out the dividing line. But fame is that which exists after the hero's death, even though the hero die unknown, while notoriety is like a bubble on the river. And there are degrees of fame, and the price paid is not of gold or silver, but often the joy of life. For many years Father Damien immured himself in the leper colony of Molokai—gave up his life to save the souls of others, and the outside world knew it not. For many years he struggled, an obscure priest, on that horrible island of the Pacific, knowing that an awful death would be his; but his services and ministrations were not of this world, and he sought not fame. But the fame of a hero was his, after all—the sweet fame that is likened unto love, which is given freely, and cannot be bought by any man. Robert Louis Stevenson found the man, and told the world about him, and perhaps a sweet breath of incense may have come to that lonely isle, and refreshed the passing hours of the martyr's life. For the incense was of the sweetest—the love and the prayers of the outside world which were given to the dying man. Yet he sought it not; and when the end came, and people wished to look upon the man, there were no photographs, save one that had been quickly made after his death in the rude habitation of a leper. That was fame, and the story reached the uttermost parts of the earth; and while men listened, another name was coupled with his, and people heard that a “Sister Rose Gertrude” was to follow in his steps, and voluntarily cast away all the joys of the earth to relieve the stricken beings at Molokai. This was given forth at London, and the city found in the self-appointed “Sister” a pleasing subject, and the newspaper editor gave up a column to tell the world what she was going to do and to show what she looked like. The London reporter interviewed her, and when she came to New York the same proceeding was gone through with, and so it was all the way across the continent. People sighed as they looked at the gentle face in the Sister's hood, bought her photograph, and bade her a sorrowful good-by. They had never seen the bearded face, pinched and wan, that lay upon the pallet at Molokai. Then “Sister Rose Gertrude” went forth upon her mission, the doors of the outside world were closed, and people marvelled at the sweetness of fame when the successor to Father Damien was mentioned. But the paths of notoriety and fame lay very near together then.

Meanwhile in England a memorial was being prepared by the National Leprosy Fund, and is just finished. It is in the form of a cross of red Peterhead granite, and is to shortly mark the grave of Father Damien. Upon the front face of the pedestal is a finely sculptured portrait in white marble, set in an enriched circular panel. The cross is of Runic form, wrought with intricate designs, and upon the lower steps of the pedestal, in English and in the Hawaiian tongue, are these inscriptions:

> “Joseph Damien de Veuster. Born January 3, 1840; died April 15, 1885.”
>
> “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—John xv., 13.”
>
> “This monument is raised to his memory by the people of England.”

This is the immortality of the world; yet Father Damien sought not the fame.

Just as the memorial is finished comes strange news from London, and people wonder. “Sister Rose Gertrude” has returned unheralded, given up the work which she set out to do, and has married. This she had a perfect right to do; she made no vows, but she turned back before the gates of the world were barely closed, and the echoes of her “noble sacrifice” that were loudly trumpeted a little time ago came back to the ears of many, and the strains are of the loud-sounding brass, and harsh and discordant. There is a time when the paths of fame and notoriety diverge, and men recognize the difference.

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE LIMITS.

BY E. W. THOMSON.

“YES, indeed, my grandfather wass once in jail,” said old Mrs. McTavish, of the county of Glengarry, in Ontario, Canada; “but that wass for debt, and he was a ferry honest man whateffer, and he would not break his promise—no, not for all the money in Canada. If you will listen to me, I will tell chust exactly the true story about that debt, to show you what an honest man my grandfather wass. One time Tougal Stewart, him that wass the poy's grandfather that keeps the same store in Cornwall to this day, sold a plough to my grandfather, and my grandfather said he would pay half the plough in October, and the other half whateffer time he felt able to pay the money. Yes, indeed, that was the very promise my grandfather gave.

“So he was at Tougal Stewart's store on the 1st of October early in the morning pefore the shutters wass taken off, and he paid half chust exactly to keep his word. Then the crop wass ferry pad next year, and the year after that one of his horses wass killed py lightning, and the next year his brother, that wass not rich and had a big family, died, and do you think wass my grandfather to let the family be disgraced without a good funeral? No, indeed. So my grandfather paid for the funeral, and there was at it plenty of meat and drink for eferypody, as was the right Hielan' custom those days, and after the funeral my grandfather did not feel chust exactly able to pay the other half for the plough that year either.

“So then Tougal Stewart met my grandfather in Cornwall next day, and asked him if he had some money to spare.

“‘Wass you in need of help, Mr. Stewart?’ says my grandfather, kindly. ‘For if it's in any want you are, Tougal,’ says my grandfather, ‘I will sell the coat off my back, if there is no other way to lend you a loan,’ for that was always the way of my grandfather with his friends, and a bigger-hearted man there never wass in all Glengarry, or in Stormont, or in Dundas, mirofer.

“‘In want!’ says Tougal.—‘in want, Mr. McTavish!’ says he, very high. ‘Would you wish to insult a gentleman, and him of the name of Stewart, that's the name of princes of the world?’ he said, so he did.

“Seeing Tougal had his temper up, my grandfather spoke softly, being a quiet, peaceable man, and in wonder what he had said to offend Tougal.

“‘Mr. Stewart,’ says my grandfather, ‘it wass not in my mind to anger you whateffer. Only I thought, from your asking me if I had some money, that you might be looking for a wee bit of a loan, as many a gentleman has to do at times, and no shame to him at all,’ said my grandfather.

“‘A loan?’ says Tougal, sneering. ‘A loan, is it? Where's your memory, Mr. McTavish? Are you not owing me half the price of the plough you've had this three years?’

“‘And wass you asking me for money for the other half of the plough?’ says my grandfather, very astonished.

“‘Just that,’ says Tougal.

“‘Have you no shame or honor in you?’ says my grandfather, firing up. ‘How could I feel able to pay that now, and me chust yesterday been giving my poor brother a funeral fit for The McTavishs' own grandnephew, that wass as good gentleman's plood as any Stewart in Glengarry. You saw the expense I wass at, for there you wass, and I thank you for the politeness of coming, Mr. Stewart,’ says my grandfather, ending mild, for the anger would never stay in more than a minute, so kind was the nature he had.

“‘If you can spend money on a funeral like that, you can pay me for my plough,’ says Stewart, for with buying and selling he wass become a poor creature, and the heart of a Hielan'man wass half gone out of him, for all he wass so proud of his name of monarchs and kings.

“My grandfather had a mind to strike him down on the spot, so he often said; but he thought of the time when he hit Hamish Cochrane in anger, and he minded the penances the priest put on him for breaking the silly man's jaw with that blow, so he smothered the heat that wass in him, and turned away in scorn. With that Tougal Stewart went to the court, and sued my grandfather, puir mean creature!

“You might think that Judge Jones—him that wass judge in Cornwall before Judge Jarvis that's dead—would do justice. But no, he made it the law that my grandfather must pay at once, though Tougal Stewart could not deny what the bargain wass.

“‘Your Honor,’ says my grandfather, ‘I said I'd pay when I felt able. And do I feel able now? No, I do not,’ says he. ‘It's a disgrace to Tougal Stewart to ask me, and himself telling you what the bargain was,’ said my grandfather. But Judge Jones said that he must pay, for all that he did not feel able.

“‘I will nefer pay one copper till I feel able,’ says my grandfather; ‘but I'll keep my Hielan' promise to my dying day, as I always done,’ says he.

“And with that the old judge laughed, and said he would have to give judgment. And so he did; and after that Tougal Stewart got out an execution. But not the worth of a handful of oatmeal could the bailiff lay hands on, because my grandfather had chust exactly taken the precaution to give a bill of sale on his gear to his neighbor, Alexander Frazer, that could be trusted to do what was right after the law play was over.

“The whole settlement had great contempt for Tougal Stewart's conduct; but he was a headstrong body, and once he begun to do wrong against my grandfather, he held on, for all that his trade fell away; and finally he had my grandfather arrested for debt, though you'll understand, sir, that he was owing Stewart nothing that he ought to pay when he didn't feel able.

“In those times prisoners for debt was taken to jail in Cornwall, and if they had friends to give bail that they would not go beyond the posts that was around the sixteen acres nearest the jail walls, the prisoners could go where they liked on that ground. This was called ‘the privilege of the limits.’ The limits, you'll understand, wass marked by cedar posts painted white about the size of hitching-posts.

“The whole settlement was ready to go bail for my grandfather if he wanted it, and for the health of him he needed to be in the open air, and so he gave Tuncan Macdonell of the Greenfields, and Æneas Macdonald of the Sandfields, for his bail, and he promised, on his Hielan' word of honor, not to go beyond the posts. With that he went where he pleased, only taking great care that he never put even the toe of his foot beyond a post, for all that some would chump ofer them and back again, or maybe swing round them, holding by their hands. Efery day the neighbors would go into Cornwall to give my grandfather the good word, and they would offer to pay Tougal Stewart for the other half of the plough, only that vexed my grandfather, for he was too proud to borrow, and, of course, every day he felt less and less able to pay on account of him having to hire a man to be doing the spring ploughing and seeding, and making the kale-yard.

“All this time, you'll mind, Tougal Stewart had to pay five shillings a week for my grandfather's keep, the law being so that if the debtor swore he had not five pounds' worth of property to his name, then the creditor had to pay the five shillings, and, of course, my grandfather had nothing to his name after he gave the bill of sale to Alexander Frazer. A great diversion it was to my grandfather to be reckoning up that if he lived as long as his father, that was hale and strong at ninety-six, Tougal would need to pay five or six hundred pounds for him, and there was only two pound five shillings to be paid on the plough.

“So it was like that all summer, my grandfather keeping heartsome, with the neighbors coming in so steady to bring him the news of the settlement. There he would sit, just inside one of the posts, for to pass his jokes, and tell what he wished the family to be doing next. This way it might have kept going on for forty years, only it came about that my grandfather's youngest child—him that was my father—fell sick, and seemed like to die.

“Well, when my grandfather heard that bad news, he wass in a terrible way, to be sure, for he would be longing to hold the child in his arms, so that his heart was sore and like to break. Eat he could not, sleep he could not; all night he would be groaning, and all day he would be walking around by the posts, wishing that he had not passed his Hielan' word of honor not to go beyond a post, for he thought how he could have broken out like a gentleman, and gone to see his sick child if he had staid inside the jail wall. So it went on three days and nights pefore the wise thought came into my grandfather's head to show him how he need not go beyond the posts to see his little sick poy. With that he went straight to one of the white cedar posts and pulled it up out of the hole, and started for home, taking great care to carry it in his hands pefore him, so he would not be beyond it one bit.

“My grandfather wass not half a mile out of Cornwall, which was only a little place in those days, when two of the turnkeys came after him.

“‘Stop, Mr. McTavish,’ says the turnkeys.

“‘What for would I stop?’ says my grandfather.

“‘You have proke your bail,’ says they.

“‘It's a lie for you,’ says my grandfather, for his temper flared up for anybody to say he would proke his bail. ‘Am I beyond the post?’ says my grandfather.

“With that they run in on him, only that he knocked the two of them over with the post, and went on rejoicing, like an honest man should, at keeping his word and overcoming them that would slander his good name. The only thing pesides thoughts of the child that troubled him was questioning whether he had been strictly right in turning round for to use the post to defend himself in such a way that it was nearer the jail than what he wass. But when he remembered how the jailer never complained of prisoners of the limits chumping ofer the posts, if so they chumped back again in a moment, the trouble went out of his mind.

“Pretty soon after that he met Tuncan Macdonell of the Greenfields, coming into Cornwall with the wagon.

“‘And how is this, Glengatchie?’ says Tuncan. ‘For you were never the man to proke your bail.’

“Glengatchie, you'll understand, sir, is the name of my grandfather's farm.

“‘Never fear, Greenfields,’ says my grandfather, ‘for I'm not beyond the post.’

“‘Get in with me, Glengatchie,’ says Tuncan, and turned his team around.

“My grandfather did so, taking great care to keep the post in front of him all the time; and so he reached home. Out comes my grandmother running to embrace him; but she had to throw her arms around the post and my grandfather's neck at the same time, he was that strict to be within his promise. Pefore going ben into the house, he went to the back end of the kale-yard which was farthest from the jail, and there he stuck the post; and then he went back to see his sick child, while all the neighbors that came round was glad to see what a wise thought the saints had put into his mind to save his bail and his promise.

“So there he staid a week till my father got well. Of course the constables came after my grandfather, but the settlement would not let the creatures come within a mile of Glengatchie. You might think, sir, that my grandfather would have staid with his wife and weans, seeing the post was all the time in the kale-yard, and him careful not to go beyond it, but he was putting the settlement to a great deal of trouble day and night, to keep the constables off, and he was fearful that they might take away the post, if ever they got to Glengatchie, and give him the name of false, that no McTavish ever had. So Tuncan Greenfields and Æneas Sandfield drove my grandfather back to the jail, him with the post behind him in the wagon, so as he would be between it and the jail. Of course Tougal Stewart tried his best to have the bail declared forfeited, but old Judge Jones only laughed, and said my grandfather was a Hielan' gentleman, with a very nice sense of honor, and that was chust exactly the truth.

“How did my grandfather get free in the end? Oh, then, that was because of Tougal Stewart being careless—him that thought he knew so much of the law! The law was, you will mind, that Tougal had to pay five shillings a week for keeping my grandfather in the limits. The money wass to be paid efery Monday, and it wass to be paid in lawful money of Canada, too. Well, would you belief that Tougal paid in four shillings in silver one Monday, and one shilling in coppers, for he took up the collection in church the day pefore, and it wass not till Tougal had gone away that the jailer saw that one of the coppers wass a Brock copper—a medal, you will understand, made at General Brock's death, and not lawful money of Canada at all. With that the jailer came out to my grandfather.

“‘Mr. McTavish,’ says he, taking off his hat, ‘you are a free man, and I'm glad of it.’ Then he told him what Tougal had done. ‘I hope you will not have any hard feelings toward me, Mr. McTavish,’ said the jailer, and a decent man he wass for all that there wass not a drop of Hielan' blood in him. ‘I hope you will not think hard of me for not being hospitable to you, sir,’ says he; ‘but it's against the rules and regulations for the jailer to be offering the best he can command to the prisoners. Now that you are free, Mr. McTavish,’ says the jailer, ‘I would be a proud man if Mr. McTavish of Glengatchie would do me the honor of taking supper with me this night. I will be asking your leave to invite some of the gentlemen of the place, if you will say the word, Mr. McTavish,’ says he.

“Well, my grandfather could never bear malice, the kind man he was, and he seen how bad the jailer felt, so he consented, and a great company came in, to be sure, to celebrate the occasion.

“Did my grandfather pay the balance on the plough? What for should you suspicion, sir, that my grandfather would refuse his honest debt? Of course he paid for the plough, for the crop was good that fall.

“‘I would be paying you the other half of the plough now, Mr. Stewart,’ says my grandfather, coming in when the store was full.

“‘Hoich, but *you* are the honest McTavish,’ says Tougal, sneering.

“But my grandfather made no answer to the creature, for he thought it would be unkind to mention how Tougal had paid out six pounds, four shillings, and eleven pence to keep him in on account of a debt of two pound five that never was due till it was paid.”

MEXICAN DOORWAYS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

In the sixteenth century the outer door of a house was a defensive structure. It was thick enough and strong enough to stand a good deal of battering without giving way; and it was so comprehensively locked and barred, and swung so heavily upon its hinges, that it opened tardily even to a friend. And all of these characteristics of the doors of three hundred years ago are to be found in the doors of Mexican houses of the present day; for in Mexico, harmoniously associated with vestibuled railway trains and electric lights and daily newspapers, a strong flavor of the sixteenth century still survives.

Mexican cities are not walled; but most of them are entered through gateways, and at the entrances to all of them guards are stationed. The gates rarely are such handsome structures as that at Orizaba, which Mr. Remington has sketched; and are not in any sense defensive—being, in fact, merely toll-gates, at which are levied the municipal duties upon everything brought into the city for sale. But they are strongly suggestive of defence; and the effect which they produce upon the traveller is the same in kind, though less in degree, as that produced by seeing for the first time, as at Aigues-Mortes or Avignon, a city still protected by substantial walls—an odd sensation of having dropped suddenly a long way back into the past, to a time when municipalities and individuals secured safety only by a constant provision against assault. Study of the houses which compose the cities, and, still more, study of the houses outside of them in the country, confirm this feeling of having come into a region that has not yet emerged from the fighting age.

The normal Mexican house belonging to a person of substance is built around a court-yard, the *patio*, and—excepting in the cities, where houses of two and three stories are found—is only a single story high. The doors of the several rooms open upon the interior court, and serve also for windows; when windows are cut in the outer walls they are protected by heavy gratings of iron, inside of which usually are glazed French sashes, and inside of these again thick wooden shutters. The single entrance to the house is by the *zaguan*, a passageway that extends through the body of the building, and is wide enough to admit a carriage or cart. Closing the *zaguan* is a very massive double door, in one section of which a wicket usually is cut for the ordinary service of the house and for the admission of all who come on foot. The thickness of the great door is prodigious; it is fastened with a lock whereof the bolt is not less than two inches wide by an inch thick, and is further strengthened by one or more transverse beams which in a moment can be set in place behind it in iron sockets or in slots cut in the stone. When once this huge door is closed, the lock fastened, and the beams in position, the house is very fairly prepared to stand a siege.

In part, this vigorous system of domestic architecture is a survival of the Oriental desire for privacy, which the Mexicans inherit, through their Spanish progenitors, from the Moors; and, in part, it is the outgrowth of the necessity that until very recently has compelled every Mexican possessed of valuable property to make a veritable castle of his home. During the fifty-five years of almost continuous revolution, from 1821 until 1876, there was not a moment when these heroic provisions for domestic defence were not liable to come into use; and they did come into use very many times. In those extremely volcanic days, when *pronunciamientos* were going off like fire-crackers all over the country, the only certainties in regard to popular outbreaks were that they would come at short intervals, and that while they lasted they would make things exceedingly hot for everybody. When they began, the great outer door would be shut in a hurry, the bars behind it would be set in place, and the heavy wooden shutters would be closed; and until the new government was established—or was crushed by the old one—none but those directly engaged in the performance (it was very *bouffe*) ventured abroad.

At such times, indeed, the streets were not desirable places of resort. Fighting was going on in them pretty steadily; and on the church towers, representing the rival factions, were sharp-shooters, whose pleasing custom it was to crack away on general principles at anybody who came within range. This was not *bouffe;* it was very devilish earnest. I was told of a case in which a father who ventured forth to bury one of his children—carrying the little coffin on his head, and trusting to that proof of his non-combatant intentions for protection—was deliberately shot down. Therefore, while the revolutions were in progress, prudent people staid at home.

In order to be ready for these periods of enforced retirement, it was customary in every household to keep in store a large stock of provisions for subsistence during the uncertain period through which the revolution would run its appointed course, and a supply of arms to be used in case of actual assault. However, in the cities, assaults rarely were made. There was nothing of sufficient value in private houses, as a rule, to justify the bother of carrying them by storm.

In the country the case was different. The horses—sometimes more than a hundred in the *corrales* of the great *haciendas*—were precisely what a young and struggling revolution needed most of all; for a revolution on foot, lacking both dignity and mobility, could not hope to accomplish much. And with the horses always was to be had an ample supply of corn and forage, and even mules and wagons with which to carry the stealings away. Therefore the *haciendas* came in for assaults without number during the long reach of troublous years. Sometimes they were carried; quite as often they were not—for the capture of a *hacienda* that had any sort of a garrison in it was not an easy task. As is seen in Mr. Remington's drawing of a typical building of this class, it does not differ materially (save in the thickness of its walls) from a well-built fort. This particular *hacienda*, in later and more peaceful times, has had several entrances cut in its front. As originally built, it had but one entrance—and behind this single door, in an hour or so, a solid backing of earth could be thrown in that made even the burning of the door a matter of indifference to the besieged. Along the edge of the flat roof was a parapet, nearly three feet high, loop-holed for musketry. At the angles are flanking towers from which an enfilading fire can be kept up in case of an attempt to scale the low walls. The whole structure is of *adobe*, sun-dried brick, and the walls are from three to four feet thick. With artillery, a breach readily could be made in a building of this sort; but without artillery even a large attacking party might not be able to make headway against a garrison of fifty or sixty determined men. Especially in the Bajío region—the fertile plain country beginning rather more than a hundred miles north of the city of Mexico—was there a plenty of fighting about the *haciendas* in the good old revolutionary times.

Under conditions of this sort it is obvious that a strong door was essential to comfort in house-keeping. Nowadays, fortunately, the necessity for the strong door is not so urgent. For fifteen years there has not been a serious revolutionary outbreak in Mexico; and the two or three attempts in this direction have been instantly suppressed. Probably the period of revolution in Mexico has come to an end—with the establishment of a firm but liberal government; with the construction of railways by which troops can be so promptly concentrated against possible risings as to nip the revolt in the bud; and, more than all else, with the arrival at maturity of a generation which has been bred wholly in the ways of peace. But tranquillity in a Spanish American republic is an uncertain quantity. For a long while Mexico has been as mild as a May morning, and the chances certainly seem to favor the continuance of this serene condition of affairs. But other chances—such as the sudden death of President Diaz, whose combined soldierly skill and statesmanship have enabled him to hold in check the turbulent tendencies of his countrymen—might in a moment set the whole country off again with a bang! It is improbable, therefore, that any change will be made in the near future in the defensive character of Mexican doors.

In all well-organized households the *portero* is an important personage. He is the warder of the door, charged with the duty of closing and fastening it at night, and of guarding it until he unfastens and reopens it on the ensuing day. Duties of this responsible sort require him to be a grave man and honest, and of years sufficient to have cooled his youthful fires—for a young *portero*, even though grave and honest, might be lax in the matter of his bolts if too easily responsive to the tender emotion of love. His watch is against not only possible dangers without, but also against possible thieves within—his fellow-servants who may try to pass out from the house by night carrying with them their spoils. The *portero* is not expected to keep awake through the watches of the night—that would be expecting too much of Mexican servile flesh and blood—but his duty is to sleep in the *zaguan*, and, in theory, to lie directly in front of the door, so that it cannot be opened without waking him. In practice, his mat or pallet usually is spread at one side of the *zaguan*—resting directly upon the stone pavement or the bare earth—and in his pocket is the key of the wicket, which gives substantially the same result. One of the few thoroughly characteristic touches of Mexican life which come under the observation of the ordinary traveller in Mexico is the sight of the *portero* on guard at night in the *zaguan* of a hotel.

Coming down in the social scale to the houses of the middle and the lower classes, the door still is strong enough to indicate that its primary purpose is defence—not the mere conventional defence of the doors which are found in houses of a corresponding order in this part of the world, but substantial defence against violent kicks and shoulder thrusts, and possible trials of conclusions between the holding power of the barrier and the battering power of a beam. In these smaller houses the door is single, and opens not into the *zaguan*, but directly into the living-room—which sometimes is the only room—of the house; and windows are either entirely lacking—a Mexican has very little use for fresh air—or are small, high up in the wall, and guarded by a grating of wooden bars. Inside this little *château-fort* the family lives at its ease in entire security—further guaranteed by the fact that the whole of its earthly possessions would not be worth the trouble of stealing if not protected at all.

In the tenement-houses, *viviendas*, of the better class is found a shabby suggestion of the dignity of the houses of the rich. From the street, the large double door which gives access to one of these buildings has much the look of a door of a fine house. What actually is behind it, however, is a long narrow court, along the sides of which are one-story dwellings of one and two rooms. The responsible head of the establishment is the key-woman, *la llavera*, who exercises a wholesome supervision over the heterogeneous mass of humanity lodged in the little rooms, and who is the guardian of the dignified outer door—which door she locks between nine and ten o'clock at night, and after that time no one goes out from or comes into the tenement without her knowledge and approval. Usually she is a severe person, and her capacity for commanding, exhorting, and committing is large; wherefore she is feared and obeyed.

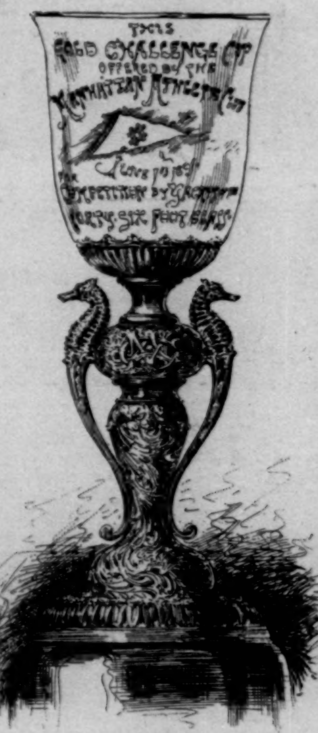
In the cities, where the police arrangements uniformly are excellent, there is no necessity for building the little houses so strongly—since they are far too small game for revolutionists to bother about—and their fortified character is a mere rudimentary survival. In the country, and especially along the Rio Grande Valley, the case is different. The Rio Grande Valley is safer than it used to be, but it still is a dangerous region—the resort on the Mexican side of American thieves and cut throats, and on the American side of Mexican gentry of the same class. The little stake-and-mud house that Mr. Remington has drawn—not a typical house, by-the-way, for the houses of this part of the country usually are built of *adobe* and have flat clay roofs—no doubt has stood more than one siege in its time, and possibly will come in for other sieges before it passes away. One of the many good results of the closer and more friendly relations of late existing between our own government and that of Mexico has been the partial subduing of the dangerous element that for so long a time has made the Rio Grande Valley uninhabitable by honest men. It is not, even yet, an especially desirable place to live in; but there has been a most hopeful improvement in its condition during the past ten years. In another ten years it probably will be entirely reclaimed from the condition of savage lawlessness that has characterized it since 1848, when the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo made the river the frontier. The belief that a like lawlessness extends all over Mexico is a most mistaken one. Down in the thickly settled region of the south—now that revolutions have ceased to recur at short intervals—life and property are as safe as in our own Western country; and the road-agents, whose suppression was begun by President Comonfort, no longer give to travel a most undesirable zest. Murders and robberies there are, now and then, it is true; but we also have murders and robberies here in the city of New York.

One class of Mexican buildings there is whereof, save only at night, the doors never are closed: the churches. From dawn until darkness comes again the church doors stand open, and whoever will may enter to seek solace in prayer. Though less than in the period preceding the passage of the Laws of Reform—which swept away at a single blow the priestly rule that undermined the civil power—the Church is an active part of Mexican daily life. Going to church is not an office fixed for a small part of a single day in the week and celebrated only in garments of price; every day and all day long there is a constant flow and ebb of humanity through the friendly open doors to and from the friendly shelter from the sorrows of the world.

In the very early morning working-people—*cargadores* and *aguadores*, and such like humble folk—surrender a few minutes of their working-time that they may begin their day with prayer; a little later come the house servants on their way home from market, bringing their market-baskets with them, and usually having in their wake a little dog, whose decorous gravity suggests the possibility that in these early devotions he also has a share; at eight o'clock the mass is celebrated, when the women of the upper classes—the men are conspicuous by their absence—throng the churches; and thereafter, being clad in black and wearing lace *mantillas*, add greatly to the picturesqueness of the streets as they go homeward. Then come the venders of milk and vegetables and poultry and wood and charcoal and other household supplies—country people who wish to make their sacrifice of prayer before faring forth from the city; and who, if they have had luck in their small cheatings, may be disposed also to thanksgiving. It is one of these devout countrymen whose donkey stands waiting for him in front of the church which Mr. Remington has drawn; and it is a fact worth noting that this particular church—Santa Brigida, in the Calle de San Juan de Letran—is the ultra-fashionable church of the capital. Even on a Sunday—the only day that he would be sure of finding the doors open—a charcoal-seller would not be encouraged to hitch his donkey to a lamp-post in front of a fashionable church in New York, and thereafter to enter the church and say his prayers. Quite the contrary.

When the country people have gone their way homeward there are comparatively few people in the churches until the late afternoon; and even then, unless vespers are sung, the number passing back and forth through the doors is not nearly so great as in the morning hours. But never are the churches deserted utterly: always within them, until darkness comes and their doors are closed, are men and women kneeling silently before the altars, or making, with prayers half audible, the round of the Stations of the Cross.

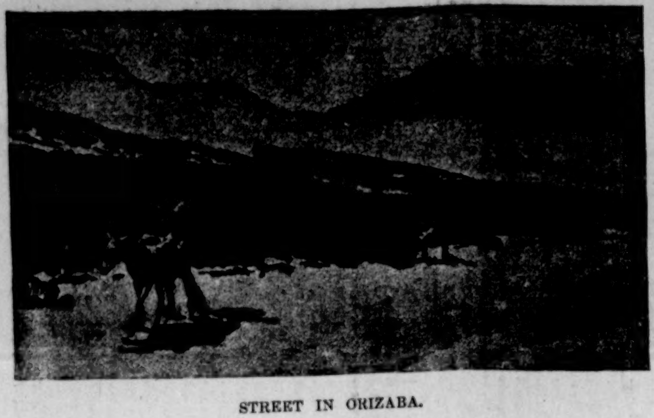
This mingling of the offices of religion with the affairs of every-day life emphasizes the sixteenth-century feeling which in Mexico is so pointedly suggested by the strong houses and the barred doors. It is a feeling that gives to the country a potent and a peculiar charm, under the spell of which come gladly those who seek refuge there from the later civilization that is glared upon by electricity and that is driven by steam. And the charm works most powerfully upon the fortunate few who dwell in this region of rest long enough really to understand the whole of its excellent meaning, and to know how true and how cordial is Mexican hospitality when once the barred doors are opened wide. They do not open easily, these doors; but, having been opened, they never are closed again against a friend.



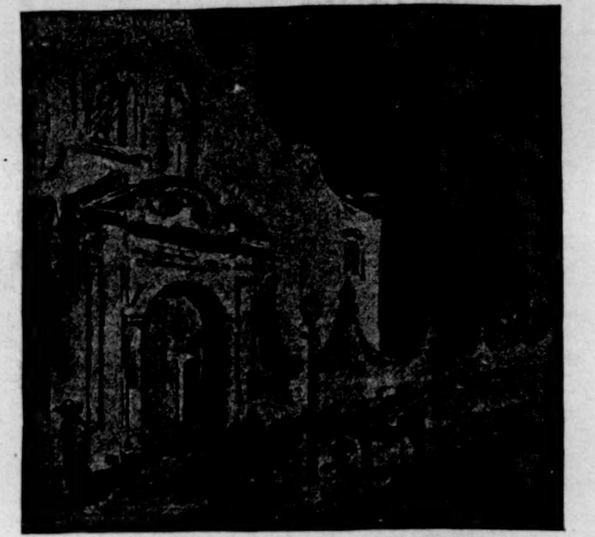
MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB CUP.

The yacht which wins this trophy will carry off the handsomest prize of the year. Few know probably that there is a club within a club in the palatial club-house of the Manhattan Athletic Club, but such is the case none the less. Early this last spring, just after the club had taken possession of its new home, and when things M. A. C.-ward generally were booming, the idea of merging the yachting department into a club was suggested, and eventually carried out. The result is the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club, with an encouraging membership and a good-sized fleet. To J. C. Summers more than any other one man in the club is due the credit of the yachting activity, and finally the offering of this beautiful cup, which Messrs. Whiting & Co. have recently finished. He is commodore of the fleet, and aside from having suggested this cup, has practically made the club itself a possibility. The conditions for this gold challenge cup, valued at $500, and the first gold cup ever offered for a yacht-race in this country, are that there shall be three races each season between the yachts of the 46-foot class, the cup becoming the property of the one winning three times—not necessarily in the same year, of course. Conditions are as follows:

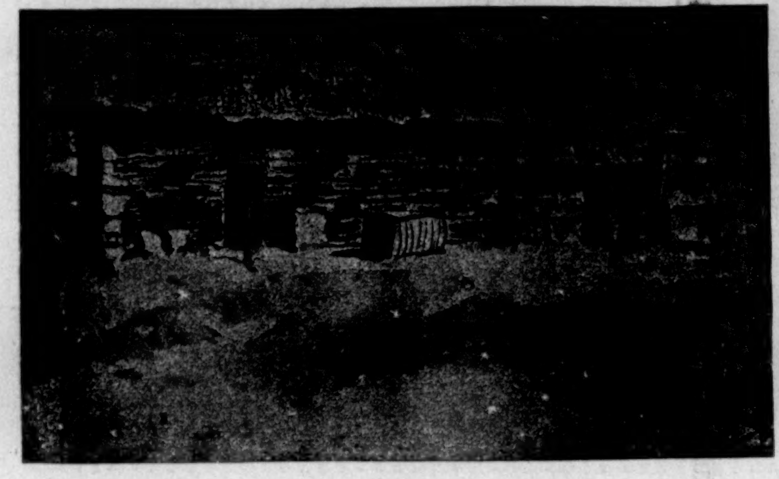
1. All races for this cup shall be sailed in New York or Newport waters.
2. First Race, July 25th (on Long Island Sound—Larchmont course).
3. Second Race, August 17th (or on first week-day after Corinthian Y. C. sweepstakes)—Off Newport, Rhode Island, to windward or leeward and return.
4. Third Race.—The final race shall be sailed over a course to be designated by the Regatta Committee of the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club, or by its commodore, representing the Manhattan Athletic Club.
5. Any yacht of this class that wins a leg for the gold cup will be awarded a prize of $25, or its equivalent in a trophy.
6. If she succeed in winning the cup two consecutive times this season, she will not be liable to challenge again until the beginning of the next yachting season.
7. In case the yacht that wins the first leg for the cup fails to win the second one, the winner of the second leg shall not be liable to challenge for sixty days. A challenge must then be accepted from the owner of any yacht in the same class, and the yacht must be ready to sail a match for the cup in fifteen days from the receipt of the challenge (provided the date is within the limits of the yachting season—June 1st to November 1st).



STREET IN ORIZABA.

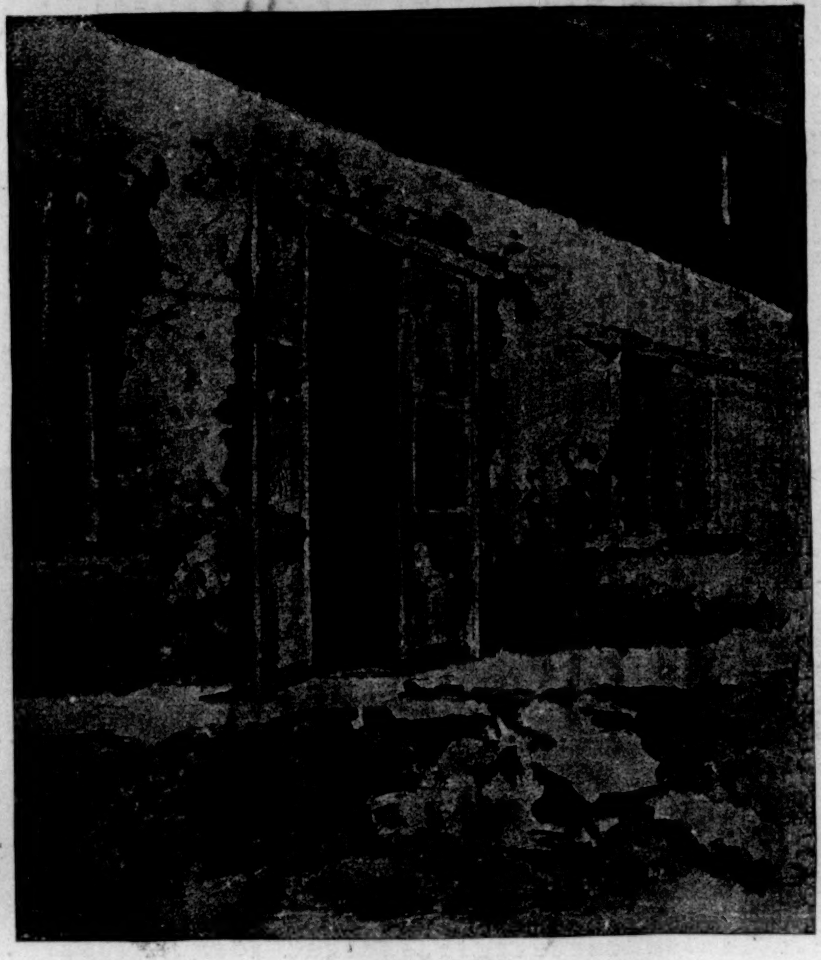


CHURCH FRONT, CITY OF MEXICO.

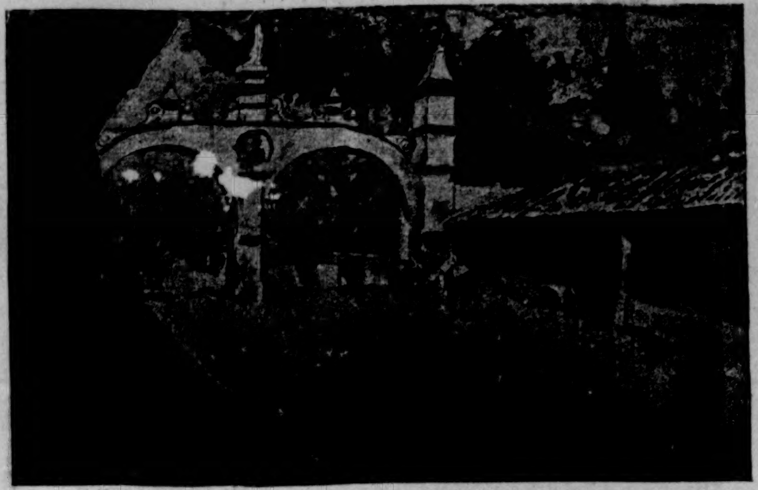


STAKE AND MUD HUT.

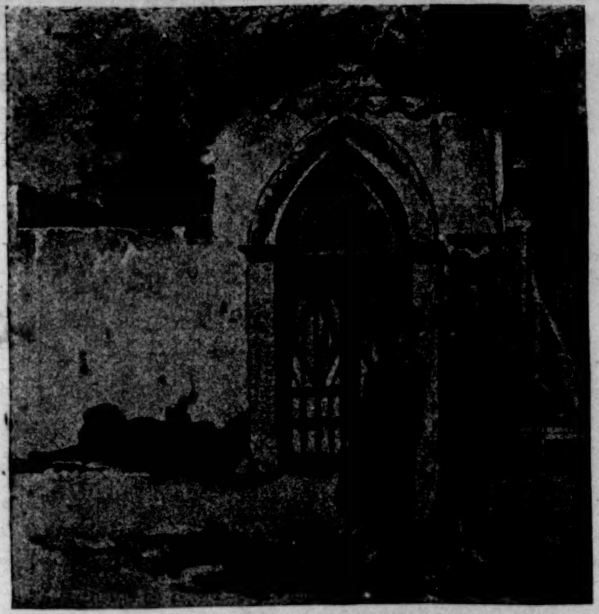
POOR QUARTER, CITY OF MEXICO.



IN PIEDRAS NEGRAS.



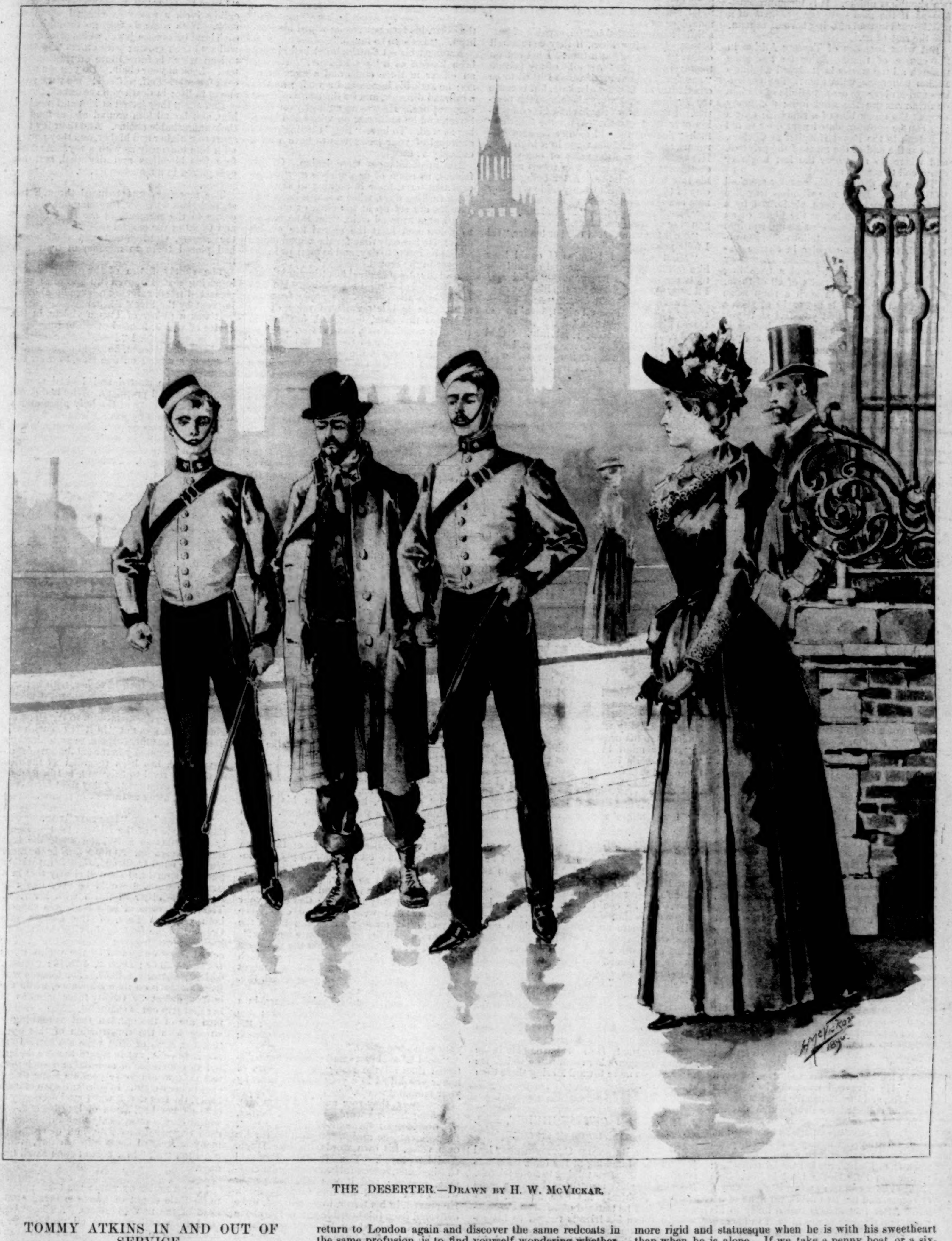
GATEWAY TO ORIZABA.



GARDEN GATE, AGUAS CALIENTES.

A HACIENDA.

MEXICAN DOORWAYS.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 559.]



THE DESERTER.—Drawn by H. W. McVickar.

TOMMY ATKINS IN AND OUT OF SERVICE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

No matter if every house and church and public building in a street of London were reproduced in an American city, there would still be lacking one conspicuous factor in the foreignness of the London scene. That would be Tommy Atkins, the British private soldier. To the eye of the maid in the area the private soldier glorifies London; to the eye of the artist he illuminates it and adds to its picturesqueness; to the vision of an average American tourist he leavens the general dulness of the heavy, sombre city.

To journey about London day in and week out, and everywhere to see Tommy Atkins, with his pill-box cap on one ear, idle and leisurely as a big Newfoundland dog, is to fall to wondering whether the entire British army has not been ordered home for a holiday. To go away for a tour of Ireland or Scotland, or a summer on the Continent, and then to return to London again and discover the same redcoats in the same profusion, is to find yourself wondering whether, after all, the English have not a keen sense of the artistic, which leads them to scatter their gorgeous soldiers all through the town, as the Parisians do their statues, as the Dutch do their flowers, or as we in New York do with our ash barrels.

Matter-of-fact Englishmen explain that the soldiers seen about the streets are merely the contingent of men out on leave from the commands that are stationed in and near London, with a sprinkling of fresh recruits, of invalids, and of men in transit from one post to another. We must be satisfied with the explanation; yet we marvel that these sources should supply a force so large that we seem to have soldiers with us everywhere except at meals or in our cabs. If we take a 'bus, Tommy climbs up and sits beside us, with his little staff across his knees beneath his white-gloved hands. If we walk in any of the parks, Tommy Atkins is there also, and with a smug-faced 'Arriet by his side. But the lucky dog is so used to the conjunction that his stolidity seems only more rigid and statuesque when he is with his sweetheart than when he is alone. If we take a penny boat, or a sixpenny one, up or down the Thames, so does Tommy. If we turn away from the hubbub of London's heart and stroll along Cheyne Walk, rich in peaceful memories, Tommy is there before us, and with us, and after us. At the theatre, if we look up from our stall, we see the red elbow of Mr. Atkins blazing on the edge of the gallery rail.

I never saw what Mr. McVickar's picture shows—an arrest made by soldiers in the city's streets; but I have no doubt that he is justified in making those two soldiers preserve all their jauntiness and *aplomb* during the operation of dragging a prisoner along. I have no doubt of it, because the jauntiness of Tommy Atkins is no superficial attribute. It is marrow-deep. It is even more pronounced than his red coat. No matter how many you see, each cap is worn precisely so—at precisely such an angle on one ear—all alike to a hair; and every chin bears precisely the same relation to every chest; and every pair of shoulders is held back squarely, no two shoulders unlike. It is incomprehensible—as if the men were the products of a marble-yard instead of being born of woman, like the rest of us.

But what becomes of Tommy Atkins in the course of time? After he has gone through all the scenes in Rudyard Kipling's Indian panorama, what then? The Ortherises and Mulvaneys cannot all die of cholera or drink among the sand hills; not many drop at the quick bite of a rifle-ball; only a few can be accommodated next door to old Ranelagh in the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. What is the end of the mass of the privates, and where do they hear the last bugle or drum call to earthly action?

Those who drift to this country seem all to be tailors. Every one who has travelled from home, and has been victimized by a rent in his trousers leg or the flight of an eloping button, and who has had to run into the first little side-street tailor shop, has noticed that the cloth-cobbler in charge was apt to be an old British soldier. A watery eye, an aroma of liquor, and a trembling hand are the common traits of all of them. The odor of spirits in such a shop is so strong, and the man is apt to be of such a waxen complexion, that you feel as if you had stumbled into one of those bottles in which specimens of natural history are preserved with alcohol in museums.

As the man sweeps your coat over the scarred and shred-strewn platform that he has polished with his own apparel, it is scarcely necessary for him to remark that you wear the cloth that was Colonel Baker's favorite, or that General Gordon tore his sleeve in that same way twenty years ago. You felt beforehand that you were in the presence of an ex-redcoat. When there is time to spare you talk with him, and the delirious strain of Mr. Kipling's stories is sure to be justified by what the old soldier tells you, for few were ever known who could remember much else of the world they had travelled except the battles with their two incessant antagonists—rum and the human enemies of the crown.

Higgins was an exception. He was not a tailor. I met him in Nepigon last summer, and found him the one man of leisure in that part of the Canadian wilderness. Every one else who was there had to work for his living, but Higgins had a pension. As it was a very small one, and was paid only once in every three months, Higgins's living had to be proportioned to it. He was visible to his neighbors (and distinctly audible, also) a day or two before the money came, and a day or two while it lasted to buy liquor. The rest of the time he appeared to suspend animation in a hut down the railway. Nepigon is surrounded by Lake Superior and the great Northern forest. It consists of a Hudson Bay post and a tavern, a railway station, a store, and two houses. There is an Ojibbeway village near by in the woods, and between the red and white villages lives Higgins, in a position as undecided as that of a gamester who pauses a coin on the line between a square of rouge and a square of noir.

Higgins had just got his pension. He had reappeared in the village as usual two days before, and had told each inhabitant in strict confidence that when his money came he was going to "the States" to make his fortune. "What's the use av shtayin' here to die like a rat in a hole?" he always asked. "There's no wurruk here for the likes o' me. There's divil a sign av growth to the place. I'm th' only mon that's come here the pasht tew years. Fwhy sh'u'dn't I break camp and marruch over the boorder? 'Tis in the Shtates I'll find wurruk and min av me own capasbity. I'll shake the dusht av Nipigon the morrow."

This was the same speech he had made at the approach of pension-day four times a year for three years. No one replied to his questions now, though at first they were galling, for seldom has a community tried harder to "get up a boom" for itself than placid, impotent little Nepigon. But everybody had answered Higgins till all were tired, except the bar-tender in the tavern. He did even more. He advanced what drinks Higgins called for, and then, when the pension-money came, he collected the debt, which was the main and governing reason why Higgins never could leave the village as he wished to.

On this day the money was in Higgins's pocket. As he was seen coming down the track from his hut, the bar-tender remarked: "Now you'll see McFadden join him. Mac always knocks off work when Higgins's money comes, and the two drink till none of it's left. After that Mac is called away to his work, and Higgins buries himself in his cabin. The two don't meet again till the next pension-time. Them's the only holidays poor Mac gets, and at the same time he's good company for Higgins."

While he spoke the second man appeared out of a break in the bush and joined Higgins. The two came on together. Higgins was spare all over, spare as an aged goat. But there was still much that was soldierly about him. His waist was as trim and his shoulders as square as any in the Guards. His rusty cloth cap was worn with the jaunty tilt that had caught many a domestic's eye in the glorious days when his coat was bright red. Altogether Higgins's dress, though old, was neat and well fitting—all but his shoes. They were such as only a soldier or an Italian laborer ever wears outside of Ireland—brogans made of thick stiff leather, lapped piece over piece like an alligator's scales. As to Higgins's face, it was saved from the commonplace by lacking one eye. His head was a little, hard, grizzled button, capable of harboring only a few ideas, if they were small ones and came one at a time. I sat out on the tavern porch in the smoke of my private "smudge," lighted not because I liked to be cured after the manner of a ham, but because the Nepigon mosquitoes abominate the practice. I could hear Higgins and his companion over their glasses. With the fourth or fifth "Scotch" the old soldier became garrulous, and pitched his voice in a high key. His seemed to me the voice of one who is disappointed in his soul, who rebels against his fate but is helpless. After being taken care of by government twenty-odd years, few men can take up the care of themselves.

"Mac," said Higgins, "I'll be lavin' Nipigon wan of these marnings."

"Ye'll not leave," said the bar-tender, "till I folly your funeral."

"Mind *me*," said Higgins (I could hear him fall away from the bar and circle back to it unsteadily as he spoke)—"mind *me!* I'll lave. 'Tis no plashe for the likes av me."

"That's right," said Mac. "And wheresoever ye go ye'll be all right, bein' as the Queen gives ye a pension."

"Ay," said Higgins, reverently. "God bless her! she does gi' me me pinsion."

"She treats you better nor she does me," replied Mac. "I say she treats you better nor me. The Queen 'd give me nothing if she'd twice what she has. But she has a right to pay you, for you served her."

"Ay, so I did," said Higgins. He paused then, and raising his thin arm to make what he was going to say the more impressive, he added, "I give her Majesty all me happy days."

He repeated the striking assertion twice before it impressed his fuddled companion.

"How's that?" Mac asked at last.

"From th' age av eighteen till forty-wan I served her. That's all me happy days I give her."

Mac struggled with his inebriate brain to reply suitably to this impressive assertion. He stiffened his body, and shut his lips, and passed the back of his hand across his mouth reflectively. When at last he grasped an idea he discharged it, but it was weaker than he meant it to be.

"She's a good woman," said he.

"She's betther nor that," replied Higgins; "she's a lady."

"Yes," replied Mac, doing bravely as he thought. "If it wasn't for her ministers no one could find fault with—"

Higgins dropped his thin bony hand on Mac's shoulder, and gripped it tight as he wheeled the man around, and riveted his gaze upon him. His single eye shone sternly. Her Majesty was not to be treated with apologies in his presence.

"Never mind her minishters," said he. "I say she's a lady, and no man 'll be me frind who says different."

"Ay," said Mac. "I'll tell ye what I always said. 'Give the Queen her way,' says I, 'and she'll make every one happy.'"

"I was talkin' with her once," said Higgins.

"Ye were?"

"Yis. 'Twas before I kim out here. She was in her kerridge, an' I shpoke wid her, an' she wid me. Says I, 'I'm glad to see your Majesty in Dublin.'"

Mac's conversational powers were floating away. All he could think of to say was, "How old is she?"

Higgins, more accustomed to deep potations, was disappointed in him. He withered his companion with a scornful sweep of his eye, and passed out upon the porch and up to me.

"He axed me," said he, "how ould did I think her Majesty is. She's ould enough that I give her all me happy days—from eighteen years old till I was forty-wan. That's all I care how ould she is. God bless her! I give her all me happy days."

Poor Higgins! He is trapped. He is the fly, and Nepigon's bar-room is the web. He never can do more toward leaving there than to talk of it.

J. REGINALD CUTTINGHURST, ESQ.

BY ISABEL BOWMAN FINLEY.

Mr. John Reginald Cuttinghurst had just finished lunching at the club. He was standing on the steps talking to some friends. He had lunched heartily, and was in good spirits. Suddenly his face flushed, grew ghastly, and he tottered and fell to the sidewalk. When his friends rushed to his assistance he was dead.

As his brother and sister were abroad, his funeral was taken charge of by his friends; and while awaiting interment the body lay in modest state before the altar in the old down-town church where he had retained the family pew. Here, during the day, those amongst the hurrying throng of passers-by who had known or heard of him dropped in to take a last look; it was all they could do for Cuttinghurst now, poor fellow!

Two who had most often shared his hospitality and offered theirs in return looked down at him, the brim of their silk hats resting against their lips. Silently they turned away and tiptoed down the aisle and paused in the vestibule.

"Looks natural," said one, passing his handkerchief around and around his beaver till it shone again.

"Confoundedly damp in here," muttered the other, his face pale, as he wiped his forehead. "Let's go to lunch."

Amongst his set Cuttinghurst had always been known as a "good fellow." He was an officer in three clubs and a member of six; he kept his horses and a yacht; he was a railroad director, and on the board of other corporations. He was an authority on Wall Street, and an authority on wines and cooking as well. To have "Reg" Cuttinghurst's approval of your *menu* was to have won a culinary V. C.

His acquaintances were legion. Of his friends, as some of us guileless mortals accept that term, there is nothing to say. In these rushing days, when a man's Lares and Penates are set up at his club, or on shipboard or a railroad train, what time has he to pause and light the sacred fire on his altar? He has only time for the acquaintance whom he meets to-day, and to-morrow is lost forever in the crowd.

And Mr. John Reginald Cuttinghurst's life had been full—full to repletion. He had eaten into the core of his apple from all sides. He had left untasted none of the pleasures this dear, delightful, fascinating, material world of ours has to offer.

And now he lay in the stately silence of the church where in life he had occasionally come and fulfilled his duty by dropping a bank-note in the plate. Outside, the world roared up and down the street, and just across the way the bulls and bears of Wall Street waged their deadly war. His arms were crossed upon his breast; his face was quiet and serene, with that touch of youth upon it which death so often brings.

Night fell. The din and bustle of the street died gradually away to but an echo of its daylight roar. Candles burned upon the altar, and a gas jet circled a pillar. The shadows moved and trembled as though throbbing with life. Nearer and nearer they crept to the dead man, beating back the chancel's flickering light. They leaped and coiled and glided down the aisles and over the pews, and twined and untwined about the pillars. Then, as the silence grew more tense, the outside life more far and far away, they leaped upon the bier, and tore the lid from off the coffin.

"Wake!" they cried to the dead man, beating upon him—"wake!"

He opened his eyes and gazed about him, terrified. "What—what is it?" he gasped.

They bent down and leered at him. "Look at us!" they cried. "You know us well."

He threw out his hands and tried to beat them off. "You lie!" he screamed. "You lie!"

They laughed a thin shrill laugh. "Look at us!" they cried again, perching on the side of the coffin, using his body as a footstool—"look at us well! We are the moments of your life."

"It is a lie!" he said again, his face paling and wet in fear. "They were fair and happy."

They mocked him, laughing.

"I," said one, kneeling on his breast, crushing it, "am your speculations. I am the picked bones of those who went down under your schemes; the starvation that stared the penniless in the face; the extra cost of food that left the poor empty and unfed. Look at me!"

"And I," said another, perching on his shoulder, "am the food and wine that went to make you ruddy and sleek; that filled your thoughts; that were soul and conscience to you; that made your leisure hours the hours of a well-fed brute. Taste me now!"

"And I," said another, "am the pleasures to which you placed no bounds; in which you never thought of what the end might bring to others, but only of your selfish fun. Do I please you now?"

"And I, and I, and I," cried others, in a chorus, "am your cold indifference; the wounds and slights you gave to others; the scandals of your tongue; your careless curses; your scheming greed."

"And I," said one small shadow more distorted than all the rest, "am the germ of honor you killed in a young man's heart by your mocking words."

Screaming, they rose and beat upon him, shrieking hideous words, torturing, jeering, mocking. And through it all—his agony, his torment—he recognized with horror his own voice, his own words, his own laugh. And he prayed. Yes, Mr. John Reginald Cuttinghurst, successful broker, popular clubman, prayed; and it was the first prayer which had passed his lips since boyhood. He prayed, in his terror, to be released, to be delivered from this horrible self, to rise above it all, he knew not how, he knew not where. He who in life had known no soul called on it now, sought for it blindly, helplessly, and lo! down from the chancel streamed a flood of light, and in its midst stood a radiant angelic form. It shone with ambient purity; its aspect was divine.

"See!" he cried, struggling to raise himself, stretching the sides of his coffin, "my one good deed!"

But even as he spoke the light quivered and faded, the figure melted back into a carven form upon the altar—an angel kneeling with hands clasped in prayer.

A hellish laugh rang through the church.

"Bah!" cried the shadows. "What is one against a host?"

He sank back into his narrow bed hopeless.

There was a sound of clanking chains. "Listen!" said the shadows. "At each child's birth a rosary is clasped about its neck. With some, as they go through life, each bead becomes a jewel, which after death will stud their crown; with others they turn to lead, which is forged into everlasting fetters. Look at your chain. Do you see what each fetter is? Self, self, self! We were your slaves in life; in death you are ours."

And again they jeered at him and mocked him, and bound him around and around in their unbreakable chains. And their joy and sport rose higher and higher, and they played with him hideously as with a toy. And his face was bloodless and distorted, and his eyes glazed in a nameless terror.

The morning sun streamed through the stained-glass windows, throwing out the full colors in the garments of the Holy Mother and Child in the central side window which the Messrs. Cuttinghurst and their sister had placed there in memory of their mother.

The stately figure of the dignified and imposing sexton moved up the aisle with measured tread, carrying a large floral offering sent by the Stock Exchange.

It was a pillow of Parma violets, in the centre of which, formed of white rose-buds, was the sweet word "Rest." Placing it at the head of the coffin, he stood off at a little distance, his head on one side, to view the effect.

Suddenly he started and looked around him in outraged propriety. Who had dared disturb the sanctity of the holy place and a dead man's sleep by jeering laughter?

The church was empty. The vestibule was empty. Perhaps the walls had caught and echoed the tones of one of the passing crowd, the sexton thought. Perhaps.

AMATEVR · SPORT

The special race for 46-footers off Marblehead, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Yacht Club, last Thursday, furnished a couple of decided surprises. First and foremost, probably, General Paine sustained the surprise of his life; not that he fondly believed he had a world-beater in the *Alborak;* surely he must have known, after watching the movements of the other new boats in this class, that he would be well occupied in keeping in the procession. But to bend all his energy and skill in getting his boat in winning shape, and then have her, with her tremendous spread of canvas, show so miserably, was enough to make the most palatable dinner afterwards distasteful to the General. The *Alborak* was not "in it" even with the *Gossoon.* The other surprise was sustained by yachtsmen generally in the exhibition of *Barbara,* which has been regarded as the one formidable rival to *Gloriana,* but instead of leading, or even making any fight for it, she simply fell away as though anchored.

"Oweene" and "Beatrix" fought out the supremacy of the Eastern fleet gloriously from start to finish, and made the best race of the season. At times during the race, when the wind freshened, *Beatrix* invariably put on a spurt, and showed clearly that in a strong breeze she would be very likely to reverse the order of finish with her rival. The management of both boats was superb, both Captains Barr, of the *Oweene,* and Crocker, of the *Beatrix,* showing skill that of itself was worth going to Boston to see. The actual times consumed by the yachts were: *Oweene,* 4.23.04; *Beatrix,* 4.28.13; *Gossoon,* 4.51.12; *Barbara,* 4.43.57. The *Gossoon* won from *Barbara* on time allowance, while the latter's defeat by twenty-three minutes in her first trip out is shameful. Many yachtsmen are of the opinion that something is wrong with the construction of this boat; that the ideas of Fife were not carried out precisely—*i. e.,* not in regard to mere design, but in the choice of material and such matters that would make possible some difference in her weight. In substantiation of such belief, the fact that it was found necessary to take off her keel a ton of lead is cited. It would hardly seem likely that a designer of such experience as Fife, and one with so many successful boats afloat to-day, would get a ton "off" in a boat of such small tonnage.

In the light of this race there appears to be little doubt of *Gloriana* being at the head of the new 46-footers. All have been tried now, and none, in all probability, is fast enough to give Mr. Morgan's boat even a race, to say nothing of a beating, accidents excepted, of course. *Alborak* is undoubtedly entirely out of it; General Paine is very likely too disgusted to even enter her again. Unless some very radical change is made in her, she is the greatest failure of the season, and presents a highly instructive study to the high-powered advocates. *Barbara* may pull around into a little better shape, but she is not likely to become formidable; certainly not while Mr. Foster steers her. I by no means intend casting a slur on Mr. Foster's skill at the helm; as an amateur skipper he is one of the best in the country; but surely he is not equal to the professionals with whom he must compete. August Belmont is likewise one of the best of our amateur helmsmen, but he has too much good sense to sail the *Mineola* when the conditions of the race will permit of his hiring a professional.

Of Eastern yachts, then, *Oweene* remains the one upon which all hope is centred in the race with *Gloriana* at the Corinthian Club's sweepstakes at Newport next month. Unless something unforeseen occurs, it does not seem possible for the Boston boat to win. True, she will unquestionably sail better several weeks from now than she did last Thursday; but her speed must be greater than it was in this race to even hold the *Gloriana*. Again, she has not been tested in a strong wind, while the *Gloriana* has, and been found equal to the emergency. Indeed, the *Beatrix* might prove the better of the two Boston boats under such conditions. There is a possibility, however, that *Gloriana* may not sail so well as she did last month. A larger sail is being fitted to her, and while, of course, the chances are she will carry it and go faster, there are also chances it may be found detrimental. At best, it is an experiment. It is frequently time and money saved "to let well enough alone." Below I append a table giving the season's record to date:

Record, July 17, '91.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Fourths.	Fifths.
Alborak	..	..	..	..	..
Barbara	..	..	..	1	..
Beatrix	..	2	..	..	..
Gloriana	5	..	..	..	..
Jessica	2	5	3	1	..
Mineola	1	3	1	..	..
Nautilus	..	1	2	2	1
Oweene	2	..	..	..	..
Sayonara	3	2	3	..	..
Thelma	..	..	1	..	..
Gossoon	1	..	2	..	..

The next event on Saturday in yachting is the first race of the 46-footers for a very handsome gold cup, shown in this issue of the Weekly, given by the Manhattan Athletic Club. From present indications the entries will not be numerous, but the sport is likely to be good. *Mineola*, which has been greatly improved and strengthened by Winthringham, is entered, and will have another battle with *Jessica*. *Nautilus* is an unknown quantity; whether or not she will sail is hard to say. *Gloriana* will not be seen, Mr. Morgan having decided objections to racing on the Sound. None of the Eastern yachts will come around, and *Sayonara* has gone back to Boston to have her bowsprit shortened to get sailing length, be strengthened, and have her mainsail set better.

Following the C. Y. C. standard rules for handicaps from that club's book on "Routine, etc.," I print their rules for "Cruisers' Matches," compliance with which should afford owners "a fair field and no favor," an opportunity to race their boats upon even terms, without going to the expense of stripping for a race.

C. Y. C. OF N. Y. STANDARD RULES FOR CRUISERS' MATCHES.

In all races sailed by the club which shall be open only to "Cruisers," the following special rules, in addition to the Club Sailing Regulations, shall apply.

There shall be carried by:

I. a.—Yachts exceeding 48 and under 72 feet s. l., one boat of not less than 10 feet in length and 3 feet 6 inches beam.

Yachts exceeding 72 feet s. l. their usual cutter and dingy.

II.—No extra hands shall be carried beyond the regular crew of the yacht except a pilot (this does not prevent the presence on board of friends, nor their assisting in sailing the boat, provided no more persons in all are present than the yacht customarily carries on cruises, and can properly accommodate).

III.—No yacht shall haul out for cleaning within the week next preceding the race.

IV.—All chain cables shall be carried in the chain locker or other usual place.

V.—No ballast shall be shipped or unshipped at any time within one week preceding the race, nor shall any new sails be obtained or any alteration of sails be made with a view to the race.

VI.—Platforms shall be kept down and bulkheads standing.

VII.—No yacht shall be eligible for a "Cruisers' Match" which has started in any open race, *i. e.*, races other than "squadron runs," "cruisers' matches," "handicaps," or "in cruising trim races" during the then current season.

VIII.—Measurements for classification for "cruisers' matches" are to be taken when the yacht is in a condition complying with these rules; but no yacht shall be excluded by reason of an excess over her class limits not exceeding five per cent.

N. B.—Special attention is called to those portions of Sailing Regulations Nos. 11, 13, and 31, which are not superseded by the above special rules, and which therefore apply, viz.:

"XI.—Boats, etc.

...."these boats shall not be carried below deck, and must have oars lashed in them ready for immediate use; each yacht shall also carry two serviceable life buoys ready for immediate use within reach of the helmsman."

"XIII.—Fittings and ballast.

"No water shall be started from or taken into the tanks after the signal to start has been made; no more than the usual anchors and chains shall be carried during the race, and these must not be used as shifting ballast or for altering the trim of the yacht; after starting, the ballast shall not be shifted or trimmed in any way whatever during the race; a race resailed shall, so far as this rule is concerned, be considered a new race."

"XXXI.—Cruising trim.

"When yachts are ordered to sail in cruising trim, the following rules are to be strictly observed:

"1. No doors, tables, cabin skylights, or other cabin or deck fittings (davits excepted) shall be removed from their place before or during the race.

"2. No sails or other gear shall be put into the main cabin in yachts exceeding 36 feet s. l.

"3. Anchors and chains suitable to size of the yacht shall be carried; one anchor at usual place on the bow, which anchor shall not be unshackled from the chain before or during the race."

The condition of boat-racing outside of the colleges is enough to make one despair of its future. Evidences of professionalism are steadily coming to light, while not a regatta is held nowadays that does not result in unsportsmanlike jockeying and subsequent disputes. Last month on the Harlem we saw the Atalanta eight with apparent deliberation steer directly into the University of Pennsylvania shell, and in the Cup and People's Regatta, July 4th, at Philadelphia, the referee's decision in the double-scull event is destined to create a disturbance. The course at Philadelphia is marked out with flag buoys at the half-mile, which the rules require a crew to pass to the west of, each crew being given caps of the same color as their buoy. The Vesper passed to the west of the white buoy, which was one space west of their proper buoy, and won the race handily.

The Varuna Club crew immediately demanded the disqualification of the Vespers, and appealed to the referee—Commodore Madeira, of the Schuylkill Navy—on the strength of Rule 3, which reads: "Each boat must go to the west of buoy flying same color as stake-boat from which they started. This rule is absolute and imperative, disqualification then and there will ensue to any boat disregarding this rule, no matter what may be their position." It is certainly plain in its language, and would apparently mark out the referee's course unequivocally, yet Mr. Madeira decided that as the Varuna crew suffered no disadvantage, and the Vesper boat rowed a longer distance than was required, and were continually shoved out of their proper course, the race should be given on its merits, and he forthwith awarded the prize to the Vesper crew.

A similar case, though not an exactly parallel one, occurred last year in the Junior Single race. The river was swollen and running like a mill-race, and floating logs, brushwood, etc., were continually menacing the oarsmen, and Van Vliet went to the east of his buoy instead of west, to escape running into a mass of brushwood, and won easily. The referee, Mr. Harry McMillen, declined to pass judgment, but left it to the Regatta Committee, and on a ballot being cast, the race was given Schill by one vote.

Rules are made generally for a defined purpose, and when they fail to sufficiently cover the exigencies of that purpose, they should be amended. To juggle with any one of a set of rules governing a regatta, or other aquatic or athletic event, is to jeopardize the lot. If there is any time when a man could transgress a ruling with impunity, and the referee sustain him in his disregard, it would be on an occasion when to do otherwise would result in serious accident. In the two cases above, for instance, had Van Vliet persisted in going to the west of his buoy, he would have been swamped by drift logs and brush, and possibly hurt.

In the Vesper crew case it was different; nothing but their own miserable steering kept them from rowing the proper course; had they been in their course very likely there would have been no "edging" by the Varunas. They undoubtedly rowed a good race and farther, but they should have been disqualified, and the race given the Varuna Club. Mr. Madeira meant well, unquestionably, and was correct in so much as declaring the Vespers to have won "on the merits of the race," but he evidently lost sight of the fact that there was no *reason* for their not rowing the proper course, and that this disregard of rulings in small matters makes men careless, and universally leads to serious trouble.

Worn-out ponies and the elements made a combination that robbed polo at Oyster Bay last week of considerable interest. A very full schedule had been arranged, but the Rockaway, Meadow Brook, and Country Club of Westchester teams scratched; and that left only Morristown, Oyster Bay, and Essex in the field. Though there was but one game played during the week, it proved to be a very interesting one, if for no other reason, because of the appearance of several old-timers on the Oyster Bay team, and their astonishing defeat of the Essex County Country Club four. These teams came together on Wednesday—R. H. W. Ferguson, F. T. Underhill, N. W. Thorp, and E. W. Roby comprising Oyster Bay (5 goals); and P. F. Collier, J. Dallet, Jun., T. H. P. Farr, D. Robinson, Jun., Essex (19 goals). The former earned 3¾ goals, while the latter, securing but 9½ goals, failed to make good the handicap they gave. Of course Oyster Bay showed very little attempt at team play; in fact, every one of them needs considerable practice and thorough drilling in the rudiments of hitting the ball while riding at speed.

But they rode hard and boldly, and if they failed to secure more goals, it was not for lack of trying. In other words, they didn't give up until the fight was over, and that shows they have the proper kind of stuff in them to make players of. Ferguson gives the most promise of becoming a good player. At the present time Roby is the safest, but maybe he is likewise the slowest, which means the loss of a possible advantage at a critical moment. Thorp and Underhill are both good and dashing riders, but very uncertain on the ball. At times they make some good safe hits, and again a series of disastrous misses. They require practice badly. The team work of Essex was not good, and its defects were the more noticeable because much better things had been expected of them. Robinson put up a sure, strong game. When in his best form, his playing at "back" leaves very little to be desired. Farr did some brilliant things when once started, but, as usual, lacked snap in getting under way.

He seems always to be waiting for just the right chance, and as opportunities in polo, like money, are not hanging about on bushes waiting to be plucked, he invariably falls a little short of being as valuable to his team as his experience and ability should make him. Collier alternated very good and hopelessly wild play, while Dallett was more often on the ball than either of the three, but lost his opportunities through unsteadiness. Theodore Roosevelt—and where can be found a more thorough-going sportsman?—refereed the game satisfactorily to all concerned. His little address to the players previous to the game was a very happy and apparently very effective one. On Saturday the finals were to have been played by Oyster Bay and Morristown, the latter having won by default on one of the scratched games. Rain necessitated its postponement, however, until last Monday morning, when the Weekly was on the press, and therefore unable to note the result. If the regular Morristown team played, they allowed Oyster Bay 11 goals, three less than Essex gave, and the game should have been close enough to be interesting, though Morristown has been putting up so strong a game this season there does not seem much room for speculation on the result.

If Oxford University Boat Club has issued a challenge to Harvard, as reported by the cable, for an eight-oared race in the coming fall from Putney to Mortlake, it should not be hastily acted upon. If there is to be an international 'varsity race, it behooves us to send over a crew which, above all things, is to be depended upon for steady work, and has at least a fighting chance for victory. We have made such great strides in boating since a crew has represented us—at least in sentiment, if not in fact—in English water that the excuse of the novice is no longer tenable. We should be expected to row in the best of form and fast, and we must be certain of being able to live up to what is expected of us before a challenge is accepted. There is no discredit in being a good second after a close and valiant fight for first honors, but we could never afford to be a bad second in a slow race. Were we having a race with Oxford or Cambridge every year, the importance of sending a good crew, while of course always great, would not be so vital, simply for the reason that what one year might lose to us another would gain. Where a race comes, however, once in ten or twenty years, and, as in this particular case, twenty-two years, nothing should be left undone that would be likely to lessen our chance of success.

Pending Harvard's action in the matter, the question arises now, is the crew that defeated Yale at New London last month fast enough to lead an Oxford eight over the line? Is it steady enough? Certainly its work at New London was as clean and steady as one could wish to see, but then it should be borne in mind that they took the lead and were never headed. It makes a tremendous difference in the form of a crew whether it is pulling a hopeless losing race or an inspiriting winning one. Those who have been in a boat will appreciate what I say. Would Harvard show such form in an endeavor to catch a leading crew? These are questions that can only be solved by the crew itself, and not until it has been put through more work than it has had up to date. It should be remembered that two weeks before the race with Yale this crew did not seem to have any hope of winning, and that in those remaining days it made the most marvellous improvement recorded in American college rowing.

Naturally this would indicate that the men were of especially fine timber, and could be made an exceptionally good crew. On the other hand, it might prove to be one of those happy and widely separated occasions when men do the right thing just at the proper time. Again, the time of the race, with conditions fairly favorable, was by no means fast, and the crew that wins from Oxford will be called on to do close to record time. If Harry Keyes should have those eight men who sat in the boat at New London under his sole charge now for two weeks, and then declare them worthy of being intrusted with the representation of American college rowing, it would be safe to send an acceptance of Oxford's challenge, but not otherwise. These are all matters that should be decided before Oxford's challenge is accepted, assuming such a step to be taken. From what the men have already done, it seems as though they are of the right kind of material to work into championship form, but nobody *knows* how fast the crew is, or whether it would be steady under circumstances calculated to upset it, and we must be sure of it before sending.

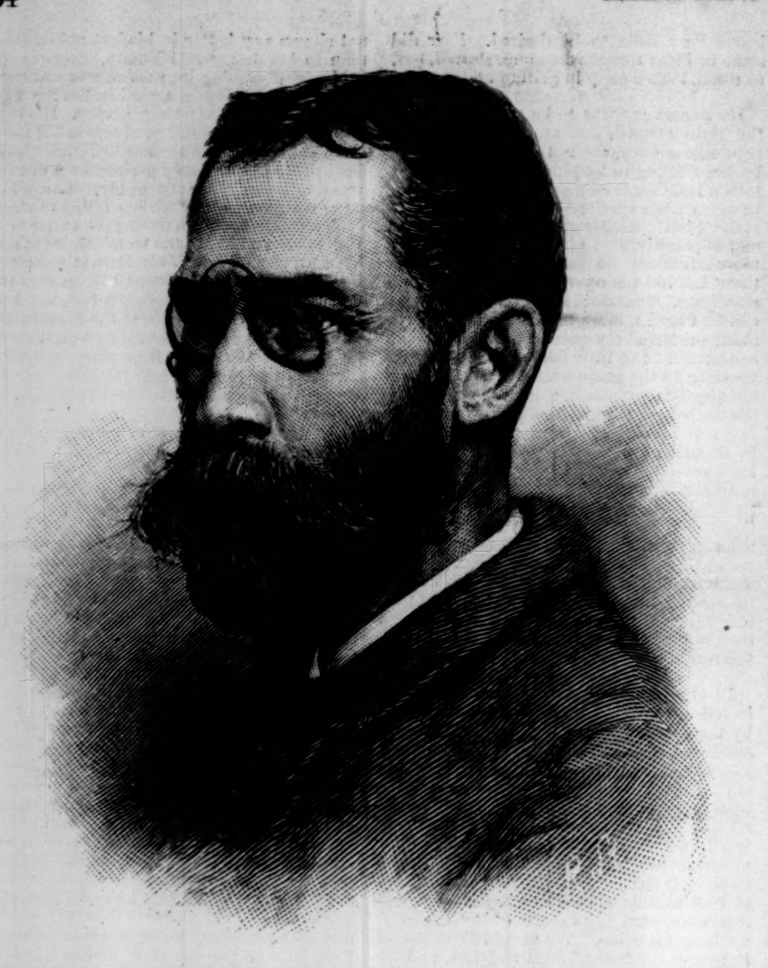
Remington and Queckberner, especially the former, of the Manhattan Athletic Club team, according to the cable, appear to have been securing all the honors in their recent performances. Cary, since his very fast running at Paris, has not been credited with time at all remarkable. It may be that he has gone stale or had miserable tracks; one is as likely as the other. Dadmun has not shown any better in his last exhibitions than in his first, while Roddy, after giving evidence of coming into form, was unfortunate enough to strain a cord in his leg Saturday, at the team's last appearance. His best performances were a 300-yard race in 32⅗ from the 8-yard mark and second to Remington's 440 in 49⅗. Nicoll's only performance of note was a mile in 6.50 last Saturday. Lange has done nothing, while Ford has failed to show even second-class form during the entire trip. Hallock has added to the team's strength and his own reputation. July 11th, at the meeting of the London Athletic Club, he won the running high jump, clearing 6 feet, the best he ever did. On the 15th, at the Manchester Athletic Club games, from the 10-yard mark he won the 100 yards from Cary easily by 2 yards in 10 seconds, and last Saturday he won the high jump with 5 feet 11 inches.

Queckberner has surprised himself, for he was not in the best of form when he left here, and hardly expected to create a world's record. His performances have all been notable. July 11th he won the hammer with 128 feet 4 inches, and the 56 lbs. with 30 feet 2¼ inches, making a new English record. On the 9th he had thrown the hammer 132 feet 7⅝ inches on the Tufnell grounds, which are said not to be level. On the 14th, at the Paddington grounds, he threw the hammer 131 feet 8 inches; on the 15th, 134 feet 2¼ inches, beating the world's record; and Saturday he threw it 128 feet 11 inches, and the 56 lbs. 30 feet 5 inches. Remington, however, has made the star record of the team, and completed a series of remarkable performances on all kinds of track and under all conditions of weather. July 9th, on the Tufnell grounds, he won the 220 from scratch in 22 seconds. This track is said to be down grade, however. On the 11th he won the 100-yards scratch in a yard worse than 10 seconds, and at the same meeting the quarter-mile in 49⅖ seconds, and the 350 yards in 37⅘ seconds. On the 14th he won the scratch 100 yards in a shade worse than 10 seconds, and the 300 yards in 32 seconds. On the 15th he won the 440 from scratch easily in 50 seconds, after being badly pocketed and nearly thrown off his feet, and finally, on Saturday, he won the scratch quarter in 50⅕ seconds after being hustled and nearly knocked down, and ran second in the 100 yards to Cary. The team is now on its way home, and the trip can certainly be declared to have been highly successful. Not all have shown their best form, but Remington, Queckberner, Cary, and Hallock have left a brilliant record abroad for themselves and American athletes.

A club's maiden effort in lawn-tennis is seldom so successful as that of the Saratoga Athletic Association last week. The game has never been played at Saratoga to any extent, even among the summer residents, and last week's event appears to be the beginning of an attempt to establish this charming place in a position of rivalry to Newport. There is no doubt that Saratoga has many natural advantages—a delightful temperature, magnificent hotels, and a plentiful supply of water. One hundred springs should be sufficient to quench the thirst of an army of lawn-tennis players. But Saratoga can never hope to rival Newport socially, and that consideration alone makes it certain that the great event of the year will always be played at Newport, so long as the residents of that city desire it, and so long as the players are so well satisfied as at present.

Ever since F. H. **Hovey** defeated Campbell for the Intercollegiate championship last fall he has been generally considered the latter's most dangerous rival for the Newport event. Unless Mr. Hovey was very much "off" in his game—and there is no reason to suspect such a condition, for he was fresh from victories at the hotels Wentworth and Wellesley—last week's play at Saratoga should dispose of that idea, for he was very nearly beaten by E. L. Hall in the final round. I should be the last to consider young Mr. Hall a weak adversary, but at the same time it is very nearly certain that there are at least three New York players who can defeat him with considerable ease. In his match with Hall, Hovey's game showed the same elements of strength that it has always possessed, *e. g.*, hard and accurate volleying, good judgment, and wonderful agility; but it also betrayed the same old weakness—lack of endurance. He lasted through five sets, to be sure, but young Mr. Hall does not play with the same speed as a Hobart, a Huntington, or a Knapp, and a fourth or fifth set against him is a very different matter from the same against any one of the other three.

The Western championship in doubles has been won by S. T. Chase and J. A. Ryerson, and that pair will meet Campbell and Huntington at Newport. Mr. Chase was to have had an Eastern player, Q. A. Shaw, as a partner, but the latter was unable to play, and Ryerson, who had lost his partner of last year, took his place. It will be remembered that Ryerson and Carver made a very stubborn fight against Hobart and V. G. Hall for last year's championship, and that Ryerson showed slightly better form than his partner on the day of the championship match. There is every reason to believe that Chase is this year a much better player than either Carver or Ryerson, and it follows that the West is pretty sure to be better repre-



EDWARD BURGESS, DESIGNER OF THE "VOLUNTEER," "PURITAN," AND "MAYFLOWER."

sented than in last season's contest. I think, however, that Campbell and Huntington will prove to be vastly superior to the Western pair, and it would not be at all surprising if they should win the match in straight sets.

THE MOST FORMIDABLE ADVERSARIES of Chase and Ryerson at Chicago last week were B. F. Cummins and Evarts Wrenn. Cummins and McClellan were the Western champions in doubles for several years, and the first pair who had the pluck and enterprise to come East and battle with the champions of this section on our own courts. They made a very creditable record, too, against such pairs as Dwight and Sears and Taylor and Slocum, and their experience was undoubtedly beneficial to lawn-tennis interests in the West. The Western championship in singles has been held for years by C. A. Chase. At the close of playing last Saturday S. T. Chase needed but one set more to win the final match, the tournament, and the right to challenge his elder brother for the championship. After watching the play of the younger Chase at Westchester I am confident that he has improved enough to have more than an even chance of winning. At any rate, it is reasonably certain that a Chase will still be champion of the West. The Eastern players were much interested in the performances of V. M. Elting at Chicago last week. Mr. Elting is a prominent member of the Far and Near Club of Hastings, and was Mr. V. G. Hall's challenger for the Hudson River Association championship this year. Last week he defeated Ryerson, one of the Western "cracks," very handily, and attracted general attention by his skilful play. The young players are certainly making wonderfully good records this year.

THE TOURNAMENT AT MONTCLAIR last week attracted none of the first-class players, but all of the youngsters—the future "cracks"—entered and fought for the honors with enthusiasm and skill. It is difficult to say which of the young players should be most commended for his good work; Messrs. Millett, of the New York Tennis Club; Mallory, of Trinity College; W. K. Fowler, of Brooklyn; or Larned, of Orange—all performed brilliantly, but, judging by the results, the first and last named did the best work. The rain of Saturday prevented the playing of the final match between Millett and Larned on that day, and it was postponed until Monday. I cannot give the result in this issue, but if compelled now to declare the winner, I should choose Mr. Millett, who has shown continuous improvement. The members of the Orange Club, however, think that Larned is a coming champion; an opinion somewhat justified by his work against V. G. Hall in the Middle States tournament. The future of lawn-tennis depends almost entirely upon the younger generation of players. The tournaments must have a sufficiency of entries in order to be successful, and as the veteran reluctantly, and in some cases sadly, drops out of competition, the youngster must fill the vacant space.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

EDWARD BURGESS.

IN the death of Edward Burgess the *America's* Cup loses its most able defender, and American yachting a genius. The name of Mr. Burgess has been so closely allied with our yachting that the contemplation of a season with no new Burgess creation seems impossible of realization. The history of his career is unique. Beginning as a boy who loved the water, and fortunately having a father able to gratify his tastes, his ability at handling a cat-boat was so frequently and thoroughly demonstrated about Boston that his reputation as a hard one to beat travelled far on Eastern waters. Even at this early day the youngster showed special skill in his choice of boats and their subsequent rigging, for he invariably overhauled whatever craft fell into his hands. The cut of his sails was somehow always better than those on the boats of his companions, and he rarely entered a race that was not placed to his credit.

In those early days the lad gave little thought to the work of his life. His father was a wealthy West Indian trader, and Edward reaped the full benefit of all that money affords. He entered Harvard, and was graduated in '71, and very shortly afterwards, through the reverses of fortune that befell his father, was brought face to face, for the first time, with the necessity of earning a livelihood. Instinctively a student, he drifted back to the university he had just left with honor, and accepted a Professorship of Entomology. Here he served for nearly ten years, faithfully and well, until about '80, when his health gave way, and he was compelled to seek its restoration through recreation. Naturally he turned to yachting, and it was at this time, while cruising about in search of bodily vigor, that the idea of turning his skill and love into the business of yacht-designing occurred to him.

He immediately went into the study of his chosen profession, and found a warm advocate in General C. J. Paine. In 1884 came the challenge of the *Genesta*, and Mr. Burgess had the first opportunity of his career. How well he filled it the well-known history of the *Puritan's* performance attests. Aside from defeating the English *Genesta*, the *Puritan* was the first departure from the old-time skimming-dish type, and began a new era in American yachting. Following this came the two races for the *America's* Cup in 1886 and 1887, and the production of the *Mayflower* and *Volunteer*, which defeated the *Galatea* and *Thistle*, and raised us to the level of the greatest yacht-racing nation on earth. Mr. Burgess's fame at this time was world-wide, and he gave further proof of his genius by starting the 40-foot class in 1880. Indeed, Burgess and American yachting are synonymous, for not a class nor a change of any kind for the better that has not emanated from this man. Other designers have come up in the last few years, and put forth some invincible boats, but the entire history of yachting affords no career, at once so brilliant, and, alas! so brief.

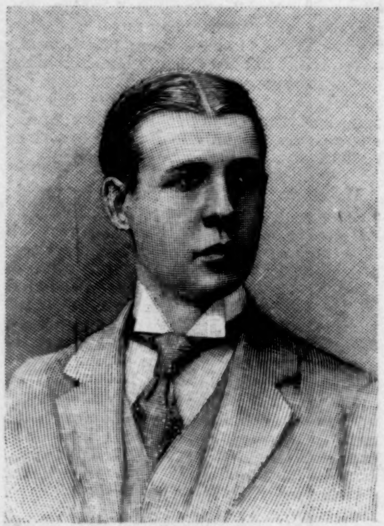
He was born in Sandwich, Barnstable County, Massachusetts, June 30, 1848. In 1872 he was elected secretary of the Society of Natural History of Boston, and held it until he resigned in '87, because of the demands made on his time by his growing business. He was a member of the United States Naval Board to award prizes for the designs of the now building cruisers and battle ships, and secretary of the Eastern Yacht Club at the time of his death.

Probably the most remarkable illustration of this man's genius was the fact that competing with the best-known yacht designers of the world, and in their particular fields, he was yet able to wrest prizes from the most celebrated. Not only was this noticeable in the bidding on the more important yachts, but he went also into the market against local builders and designers making some special kind of craft a specialty, and was equally successful. Cat, fisherman, or pilot boats it made no difference to him apparently; his designs were always forth-coming and invariably satisfactory. His work in the present new racing class of 46-footers is too fresh in the public mind to require extended comment here. Every one of his representatives in this class has thus far shown up well, with every prospect of doing better, and though none of them may prove to be the champion, all will be classed well up. In his six years of work Mr. Burgess has designed 210 boats, including cutters, steamers, schooners, sloops, etc., many of which attained the greatest possible success. *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, *Volunteer*, *Gossoon*, *Baboon*, *Pappoose*, *Titania*, *Sachem*, *Fredonia*, *Wona*, *Wraith*, *Saladin*, *Oweene*, *Sayonara*, *Beatrix*, and *Mineola*, are boats that will long continue living monuments to the genius of Edward Burgess.

THE WINNERS OF THE EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP IN DOUBLES.

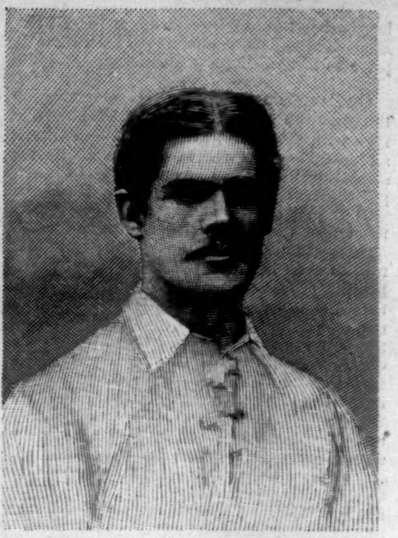
IT was not a surprise when O. S. Campbell and R. P. Huntington, Jun., won the tournament at Staten Island two weeks ago, and thus gained the Doubles Championship of the East, for last year they failed to capture the same honor by only a hair's-breadth, and V. G. Hall and Clarence Hobart, who were their conquerors on that occasion, are now the champions of the United States, and in accordance with a rule recently established by the National Lawn-tennis Association, were barred from competing in the Staten Island tournament this year. Campbell and Huntington, having now won the Eastern championship, will meet the winners of the Western championship at Newport in August, and in case they defeat them, which is highly probable, will have another battle with Hall and Hobart, the championship of the United States depending on the result. It is the general opinion among the prominent players that this year the tables will be turned, and Campbell and Huntington will earn the title of Doubles Champions.

O. S. Campbell is a resident of Brooklyn, and although still young, has been well known as a lawn-tennis player for at least six or seven years past. He commenced playing when very young—a boy in knickerbockers, and has grown up with the game, showing great improvement each year, until 1890, when he reached a glorious climax by defeating the then champion, H. W. Slocum, Jun., and thus winning the championship of the United States in singles. Campbell is naturally of a hardy constitution, and his great powers of endurance have served him in good stead, for whatever may be said to the contrary, endurance is certainly one of the prime factors of success in lawn-tennis. His great hold, however, has been in volleying, in which art he plainly excels all players of this country, and perhaps those of England. He recently graduated from Columbia College.



O. S. CAMPBELL.

R. P. Huntington, Jun., graduated from Yale this spring. He was a resident of New Haven during his college course, but his family also have a permanent home on the Hudson near Rhinebeck. Huntington has not played lawn-tennis so long as Campbell, but suddenly sprang into prominence as an expert two years ago, and has ever since been ranked as one of the most skilful players of this country. Last year he was perhaps the most prominent rival of Campbell for the championship, and was only beaten by that player after a hard-fought contest of five sets. There is no particular feature of the game in which he excels, but he is strong in every department, and is greatly aided by nature in that he is unusually tall and has a tremendous reach. Mr. Huntington's engagement to Miss Helen Dinsmore, daughter of Mr. William B. Dinsmore, has recently been announced, and it is stated that this may be the last year in which he will take an active part in lawn-tennis competition. He is regarded as a formidable candidate for the championship in singles.



R. P. HUNTINGTON, JUN.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

THE AMERICAN SAILOR IN THE NAVY

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

TIME was in the good town of New York when an important part of its life centred about the wharves. It was the city's goodly harbor that made it the great metropolis of the country, when the shipping flying the American flag crowded the two rivers. The great merchants of New York were those engaged in foreign commerce. They owned their vessels, whose cargoes were their own ventures. Their offices were in their warehouses, which were packed from cellar to garret with foreign silks, cottons, woollens, linens, fruits, nuts, and general merchandise. They were a simple, hearty, wholesome generation of men, transacting business in a large and generous way. There was an inherent dignity in the individual ownership of large vessels which sailed far away on mysterious voyages, and returned home laden with strange goods, and occasionally with strange people. Perhaps the passing of these days is not to be regretted either from an economic or a social point of view, but there is a certain sentimental flavor about the old-time shipping business which makes one love to linger over its memory.

Much less than half a century ago, the relations between the owner and his master were those of friendship and comradery, and this fact has a strong bearing upon the subject now under discussion. A ship rarely sailed in the old time that the owner did not see her off, and bid her captain a pleasant and prosperous voyage, while on her return the owner was the first to welcome back the master and the sailors. Nor was the owner's acquaintance confined to the captain. He knew the mates and many of the crew. He could call them by name, and was familiar with their family history. The glamour of romance was not the only allurement to American young men who shipped before the mast in the prosperous days before the war. There was a chance for a bright and clever man. There was no surer road to respectability than through the cabin of an A 1 ship. The captain was necessarily a man of brains. He was not merely an accomplished navigator; he was a merchant as well. He represented his employers in the foreign markets. He sold his outward-bound cargo, and he bought his return cargo. The character and direction of the voyage, after the ship reached its first destination, depended largely on him. He might make his voyage a losing or a gainful venture, according as he was dull and incompetent or shrewd and enterprising.

If you go to the old towns of Salem and Marblehead, in Massachusetts, you will find that many of the leading families are descendants of the famous ship captains who first carried the American flag to the East Indies. From one end of Cape Cod to the other are the capacious and attractive homes built by men who "followed the sea," and whose declining years were liberally supported by their well-earned savings. There was a time when all the children on the cape were said to be born with web-feet. At any rate, it is true that it was once the ambition of every boy on the New England seaboard to be a captain of a ship when he grew up. The consequence was that American merchant-men were the best-manned and the best-handled ships in the world. The difference between an American and a British ship was recognized in every port. The one was clean, and its captain and crew were alert and intelligent; the other was very likely to be dirty, and governed stupidly. A very large advantage in freight charges was enjoyed by the American ships on account of their superior cleanliness, safety, and speed. Our navigation and tariff laws were also helpful to the American merchant marine. Ships could bring back return cargoes before the days of excessive tariff taxation where they are now obliged to return in ballast. In the low-tariff era between 1846 and 1860 the tonnage of registered vessels engaged in the foreign trade was very nearly trebled.

The prosperity of the shipping business not only appealed to the cupidity and ambition of American men; the sea stimulated the youthful ambition. There was not a New York boy who was not well read in the romantic literature of the ocean. He knew all about a ship. He loved to climb into the rigging, and a Saturday on board ship was a perfect holiday. If he enjoyed the inestimable privilege of knowing a captain or a captain's son, and could dine in the cabin on rare occasions when the ship was in port, he was a marked and distinguished boy among his schoolmates.

Under these favorable circumstances there grew up a race of American seamen who were the foremost men of their class in the world. They took rank with the old Phœnicians, the commerce-spreading race of the ancients, while for daring and skill they rivalled the Norsemen. In those days, not so long past but that living men were active in them, the fishermen of Marblehead and Cape Ann were also Americans, and actually did furnish sailors for our fighting ships in both the wars of 1812 and 1861. Many a young officer in the merchant-service stepped on board a man-of-war at the breaking out of the rebellion, and did admirable service as soon as he had added a knowledge of gunnery and of naval tactics and discipline to his seamanship. Some of these old volunteer officers remained in the service after the war ended, and several of them are still treading the quarter-decks of the navy.

Whether the navy before the war received much of the good sea material that existed in the country is a question that will be answered differently by different officers of the service. It has been always very difficult to procure good men for the navy. There should be no mistake as to my meaning. There are some excellent men in the navy's forecastles, and there always have been men among the petty officers, and even among the first-class or able seamen, who might have greatly improved their condition by entering the merchant-service. There are various reasons why these men cling to the navy, notwithstanding many injustices received by them from the government; but some good seamen will never make good captains, so that there are a few old salts who could not be driven out of the navy into the hardships and uncertainties of the commercial marine. They remain in for the love of the life, and because they know they will always be taken care of so long as they maintain their record for seamanship, and that even afterwards, when they are too old for active duty at the mast or in the tops, their officers will find some berth for them on a receiving-ship, or in a comfortable corner of a navy-yard.

There is one very prolific cause for the enlistment of good sailors in the navy, and it has given many good men to the fighting ships of every naval power in the world: it is intemperance. Grog is undoubtedly Jack's fatal weakness, although time, which ameliorates all harsh manners and refines all barbarisms, has seen a great change in this respect on the ocean as well as on the land. Charles Dibdin sang the doctrine of the sailor-man of the last century:

"Then trust me there's nothing like drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave."

But these times are gone by. Grog is no longer served out, and intemperance is greatly reduced. Still, many a good man goes wrong, and there are ordinary seamen in the navy to-day who might have risen to distinction in their profession if they had not yielded to their enemy. One man I recall now who served as a mast-man. He had been the master of a ship, and lost his command because he wrecked his vessel when he was drunk. The merchant-service is more inexorable than the old navy was, at least, for the drunken captain of a private ship must go, while more than one court martial has too lightly punished the offences of intemperate officers.

The difficulty of procuring sailors for the naval service in the earlier time was illustrated by the "press-gang." Every one who knows his *Roderick Random* remembers how Mr. Smollett was introduced into the king's navy. "As I crossed Tower Wharf," writes Roderick, "a squat tawny fellow, with a hanger by his side and a cudgel in his hand, came to me, calling, 'Yo, ho, brother, you must come along with me!'" And resist with all his power as he did, along with the squat tawny fellow he went, having been cut down and seriously wounded by the cudgels and cutlasses of the gang that the squat tawny fellow commanded.

When the war of 1812 broke out, the United States had very few regular ships of the navy; but a fleet of privateersmen came to the assistance of the country, and the intelligent American fishermen of Marblehead fought against the pressed seamen of Great Britain. They had abandoned the trade of catching cod for what they hoped would be the more remunerative occupation of winning prize-money. Not that there was not patriotism mixed with visions of valuable captures. The prize-money was but a small incident of the war which native American seamen fought so bravely and successfully, and which destroyed for a time the prosperity of the good town of Marblehead. The country should never forget the splendid spirit of sacrifice of the fishermen, who, condemning the peace resolutions adopted by the city of Boston,

> "*Resolved*, That we view the late solemn act declaring war against Great Britain and her dependencies as the last resort of a much-injured people, fully persuaded that its justice and necessity will be acknowledged by all who candidly pass in review the doctrines of our enemy, and nothing short of a base submission would have prolonged peace.
>
> "*Resolved*, That whatever sacrifices may result, we pledge ourselves to support our government, our laws, and our liberty through the present arduous conflict. We also pledge ourselves to support and protect the Union of the States as the ark of our political safety; and that we view all those who dare intimate a wish for the separation of the Union as the worst enemies of our peace, prosperity, and happiness."

It was in this spirit that the New England fishermen manned the fighting ship of the war of 1812, and revenged on England the impressment of their seamen.

But when war was over, what then? The fisherman did not remain in the service of his country; he returned to what was then his gainful occupation. The seafaring life was not to the taste of other men besides Dr. Johnson, who once said to Boswell, "Why, sir, no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail, for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned."

And it is easy to understand the lexicographer's abhorrence of the sea when we read his description of a forecastle of his time. "As to the sailor," said he at another time to Boswell, "when you look down from the quarter-deck to the space below, you see the extremity of human misery—such crowding, such filth, such stench!"

Dr. Johnson was talking about British war vessels. He could not have such an antipathy to the sea now, and especially could he not have such an antipathy to service in the American navy. It is still the truth, however, that the navy finds it difficult to procure first-class seamen. In the first place, while a good many Americans like the life, they want to look forward to something more than they can see ahead of them in the service of the government. They find the merchant-service, therefore, more attractive, because they can rise to the cabin if they are capable and industrious. Then the pay of the sailors in the merchant-service is better than that in the navy, and men are obliged to serve for years on men-of-war for a rating not higher than that of comparatively green men engaged in the ocean carrying trade; the men on a government vessel have less liberty than those on a private vessel, and the discipline on the one is much severer than that on the other. There is also unjust discrimination against the seaman class, those who do the real work of sailing the ships receiving less in some cases than landsmen.

In addition it may be stated generally that the opportunities for the energetic and thrifty young man in this country are so tempting that the navy suffers first by failing to get first-rate natives, and then by losing them after they have been instructed in certain kinds of work—like the running of dynamos, for example. The government is generous in this respect. After training a young man on board ship until he is useful, it does not stand in his way if he has an opportunity to better his condition in civil life. It not infrequently happens that a young man is offered three or four times the wages by a private concern for the same work which he is doing for the government, and which he has learned on board a national vessel.

All these drawbacks not only prevent the enlistment of good men, but they induce many apprentice boys to decline to continue in the service after they have served their term.

The naval apprentices furnish the best source of supply for the enlisted men that the service has. These apprentices are enlisted, with the consent of their parents or guardians, when they are between fourteen and eighteen years of age. There are several stations where they may enlist. They are in New York, Newport (Rhode Island), Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Buffalo. They serve until they are twenty years old.

The boys are carefully instructed in elementary English studies and in the fundamental duties of sailors. Of course, the change in the character of vessels makes a great change in the nature of these instructions. An apprentice boy, in order to be useful on board a modern ship, is obliged to learn many trades that will make him also useful on shore, and the wages paid on shore greatly exceed those paid at sea. When the pay of the navy is readjusted, this important fact should be borne in mind.

These apprentices are paid. At first they receive $9 a month as third-class apprentices, and when they are on cruising vessels they may, if they desire, be rated as seaman apprentices, whose pay is $19 a month.

These boys must be perfectly healthy and intelligent. They are furnished with an outfit, for which they are charged. The dress is that of the sailor of the United States navy. After enlistment they are transferred to the United States training-ship *New Hampshire*, where they are instructed in seamanship, gunnery, and English. Besides the regular course, instruction is given in special subjects, like sail-making, blacksmithing, and bugling. The daily life on board the stationary training-ships is full of detail. Every moment of the time is occupied with some duty or other; and as to cleanliness, the average boy probably never dreamed that there was so much of it in the world as he finds in the navy. It is due to human nature to say that most of the boys do not take kindly to the amount of scrubbing that is inflicted upon them.

The discipline is firm, but officers are instructed by the regulations to invariably employ mild measures of restraint and punishment, until they are found to be ineffectual.

From the stationary training-ships the apprentices go to cruising training-ships. It is on these ships that proficient apprentices may be advanced to the grade of seaman apprentice, 2d class.

The regulations prescribe that such an apprentice shall have the following qualifications:

"He must be physically and professionally qualified to perform the duties of an ordinary seaman.

"In seamanship he must be skilful in heaving the lead and in steering, in the use of the palm and needle [the palm being a leather protection for the hand in sewing canvas], in knotting and splicing both rope and wire, and in the duties of a seaman aloft.

"In gunnery he must know the duties of each member of the crew at great-gun drill, the use of fuses, the fittings of the magazine, and possess some knowledge of projectiles.

"He must be thoroughly acquainted with the use of the rifle, pistol, cutlass, and machine-gun, and must have a good record at target practice.

"He must be skilful in the use of both the navy and army signals.

"He must know how to swim.

"He must be able to read and write and perform examples in the four fundamental rules of arithmetic with facility."

Not only do these apprentices perform the tasks of seamen, but, when they are sufficiently advanced, they are promoted as assistants to the ship's petty officers, and are given, to a limited degree, the work and command exacted of and enjoyed by the officers to whom they are attached. They are then called "apprentice boatswain's mates," "apprentice captains of top," etc.

Some of the best petty officers in the regular service come from the apprentices, and the crews of the training-ships are made up as far as possible from re-enlisted apprentices.

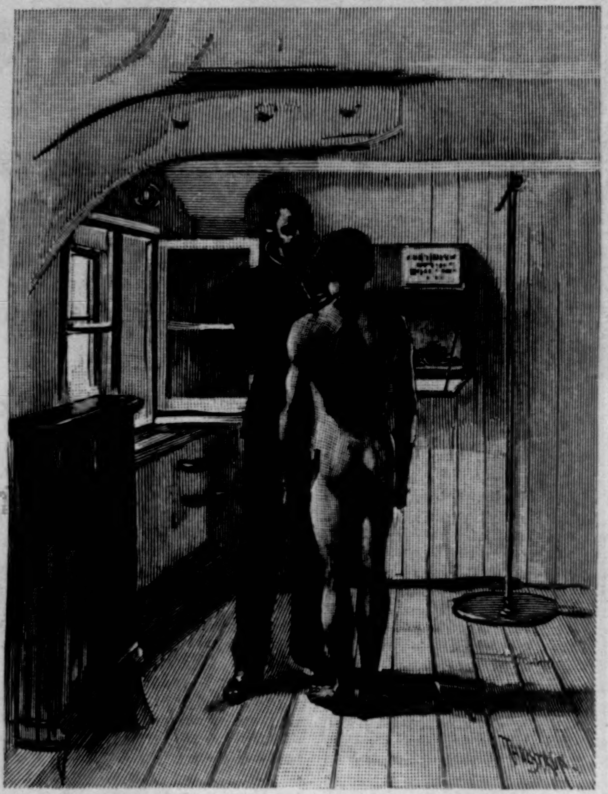
The course of instruction is accompanied by a series of examinations, and the best apprentices are distinguished by medals.

After service in the cruising training-ships, the apprentices are attached to general cruising ships of the navy, and their education as seamen is continued, its character depending, of course, very much on the ship's officers. At the end of the term of enlistment the apprentice receives such a discharge as he has earned by his conduct. If he deserves it, he will receive what is known as the "Honorable Discharge and Continuous Service Certificate." This certificate enables him to reenlist at any time within three months of his discharge if he is found physically qualified.

The apprentice system, as its name signifies, was organized to furnish a source of supply for the crews of the naval vessels. Unfortunately for its success, the country offers too many opportunities that are more tempting than a sailor's life. Some of the boys have learned trades, know how to care for machinery, to keep in order steam-boilers, to manage dynamos. In a hundred ways they are useful to people who are willing to pay them higher wages than the government offers, and who will not keep them on board ship, subject to the strict discipline and surveillance that are absolutely essential on a man-of-war. Even if the apprentice boy determines to stick by the sea, he can earn more money and enjoy more freedom in the merchant than in the national marine. If he is qualified to be an ordinary seaman on board the war ship, he will be ranked with the best on the other. If he is an able seaman or a petty officer on the one, he will be a mate on the other, with better pay, and with the possibility of command to inspire him.

There are a number of trades, too, on land, in connection with vessels, at which the naval apprentice who has served his term or a good sailor is an expert. He is in the way of becoming, for example, a ship-carpenter. He is necessarily a sail-maker. There is not a first-rate mast-man in the navy who is not a good "rigger." The mast-man's duty is with the rigging. He must know every detail of the ropes; and if he knows precisely how the sheets should run, how and where the blocks should be placed, and all the other minutiæ of the rigging, he can rig the vessel, and thereby earn high wages. Therefore, while a good many apprentices re-enlist at the end of their schooling, a good many of the best of them do not, and this unwillingness to ship on board a man-of-war affects a very large number of the seafaring class.

The method of enlistment adopted by the navy differs somewhat from that of the army. There are sometimes rendezvouses, but ordinarily the man who seeks to join the navy must go to the receiving-ship at a navy-yard. In New York this receiving-ship, which is moored at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, is the old *Vermont*, the last of her class, the successor of the *North Carolina*—a vessel of the same kind, whose timbers are now doing service in the long bridge which unites the main-land with City Island. The *Vermont* is one of those enormous broad-beamed, comfortable ships which sailed the seas and fought the fights of the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first part of this. She is now dismantled and roofed over, and bears more resemblance to an overgrown canal-boat that might be towed by a regiment of Percherons than to the graceful thing which was to have been blown through the sea under a mountain of swelling white canvas.



THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

Men may also enlist on board a vessel which is cruising within the waters of the United States, except at stations where there is a regular recruiting office or a navy-yard. Men may also enlist on board vessels that are cruising in foreign waters for the remainder of her cruise.

The term of enlistment is three years, which is the period of a cruise. When a ship of war is put in commission, it is expected, under ordinary circumstances, that she will be on cruise for three years. The men drafted to her expect to spend their term of enlistment on her, and the officers ordered to her anticipate three years of sea duty in her cabin, wardroom, and steerage.

The men enlist in certain grades and classes. For instance, if a man has served as a "seaman gunner," he may be rated as such on his re-enlistment. Otherwise a sailor is taken as a "seaman," or as an "ordinary seaman." A "seaman" is not only an able seaman, but one who has served in the navy, and who therefore understands the discipline and the special duties, especially those of a military character, demanded on board of a man-of-war. A sailor who stands high in the merchant-service, but who has not been in the navy, will be shipped as an "ordinary seaman."

The next grade is that of "landsmen." Landsmen are precisely what the title designates. They are persons who have never learned the sailor's trade. At the present time the officers of the *Vermont*—perhaps of other receiving-ships—are refusing to enlist landsmen unless they have some trade which will be useful on board ship.

Other men are enlisted as machinists, boiler-makers, first-class firemen, second-class firemen, and coal-heavers.

If a man has served as a petty officer with such distinction as to have received three consecutive good-conduct badges, he is entitled to re-enlist at his old rating.

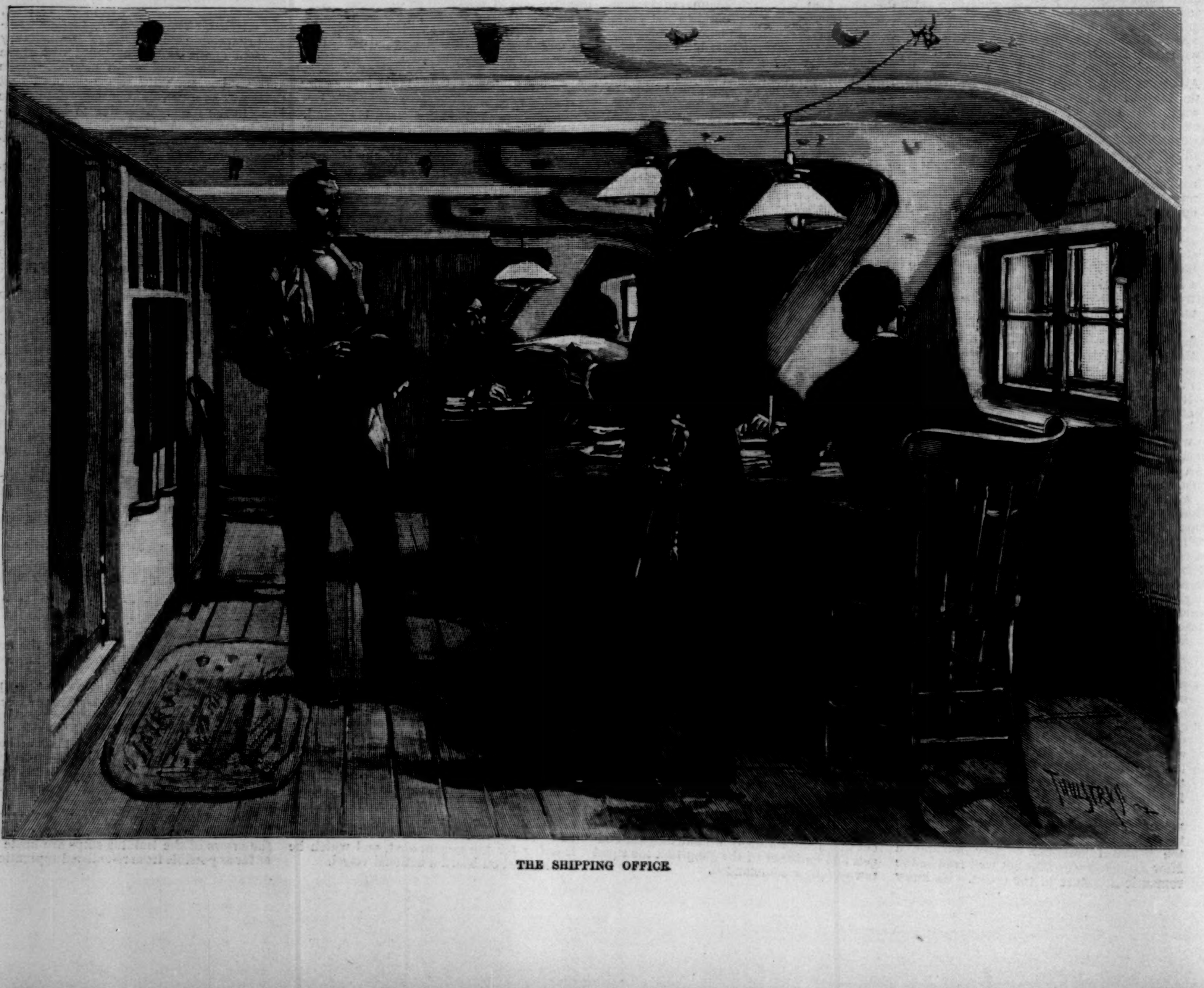
Other persons of a ship's company, like bandsmen, the stewards, and servants of officers, are enlisted for the cruise. Certain others, like the yeomen, or writers and apothecaries, are not required to enlist.

The men are regularly discharged at the end of their term of enlistment. The enlisted man who serves out his term creditably receives, on his discharge, the "Honorable Discharge and Continuous Service Certificate" already mentioned. He may be discharged for bad conduct by sentence of a summary court martial, or by the civil courts as a minor or an alien. No person can be discharged from the navy outside the United States, except by the Secretary of the Navy or by a general court martial.

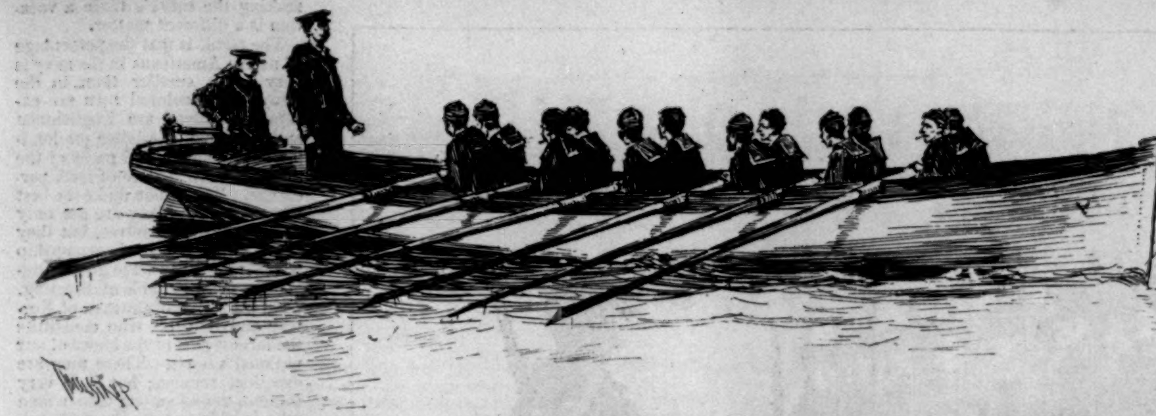
The petty officers are selected from the enlisted men. On a cruise the selection is made by the commanding officer, and as each commanding officer has the right to select his own petty officers, when the command is transferred the retiring captain reduces the men whom he has rated to the grade they held on joining the ship.

The subjects of pay, rations, and provisions for old age and broken health will be treated of hereafter.

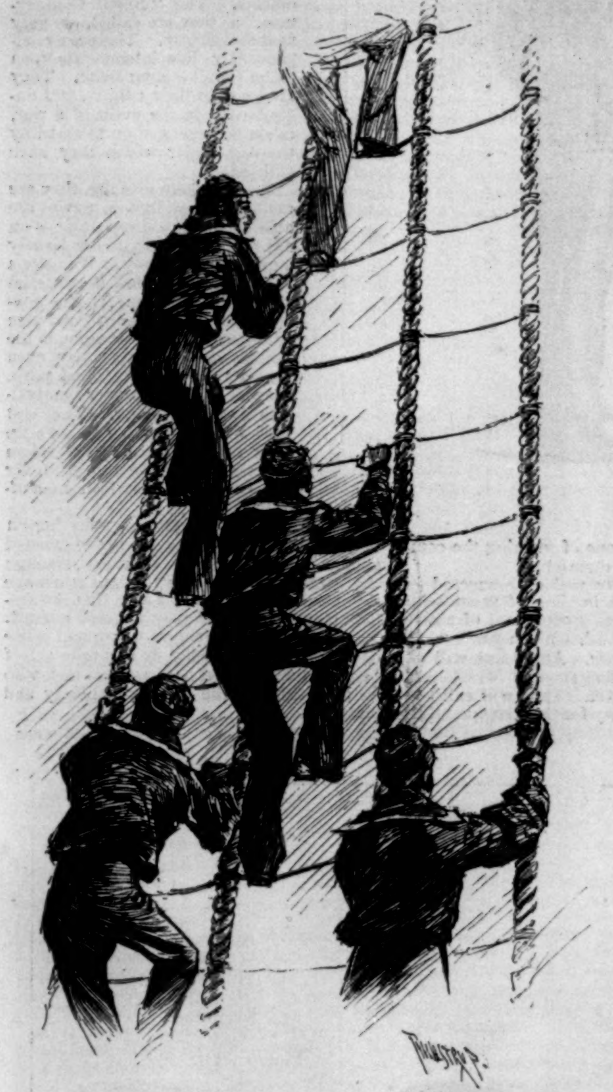
The enlisted man of the navy enters a service in which he receives from his officers that degree of justice which the officers themselves are capable of meting out. There are some officers in the United States navy who are indifferent, careless, or prejudiced. Occasionally one may be found who is brutal; but brutality is so rare a vice in the service that it may be said to be practically nonexistent. As a rule, the officers of the navy are careful and considerate of their men, look



THE SHIPPING OFFICE.



THE BOAT DRILL.



OVER THE MAST-HEAD.

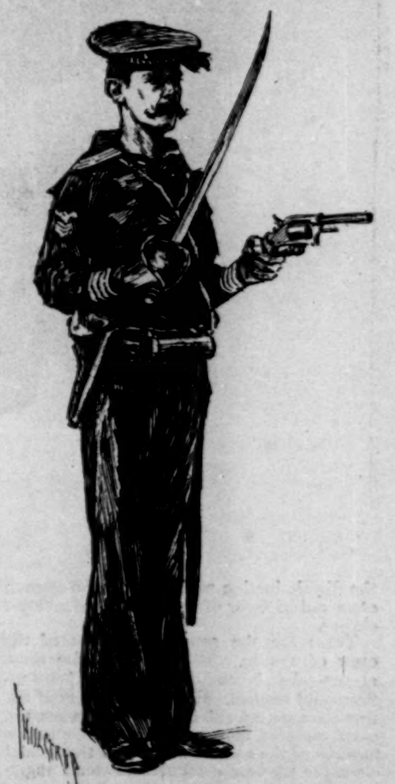
The strong influence of the life of a man-of-war's man has not been greatly exaggerated in the literature of the sea. There is many an old man in the navy to-day who regards any one but a sailor-man with contempt. These are the men who become the best of the petty officers, and some of them, too old to go to sea, are to be found on board the *Vermont*. There is Antonio Williams, for example, whose life and adventures have appeared in the WEEKLY. He is a survivor of the *Huron*, and is armorer. Other old men instruct the recruits in the elementary tasks of seamanship—making knots, etc. These old men are contented. They are taken care of. If they are disabled, they go to the Naval Hospital; and if they are totally disabled, they may end their days in one of the national homes.

When the recruit is finally accepted, he is given an outfit, for which he is charged; for the government makes no allowance to its sailors for clothes. They sell the cloth to them, but the sailors pay for all they wear. The thrifty among them make their own clothes, so that it is an ordinary thing aboard a war ship to see a group of sailors squatting on the berth-deck, with their ditty-boxes, doing the work of tailors. A sailor's outfit of clothes consists of his blue trousers and shirts, his blue cap, a heavy watch cap, a working suit of white canvas (which he usually wears over the blue), a cap ribbon (on which is the name of the vessel to which he is attached), a pair of leggins for shore duty, his silk neckerchief, his monkey-jacket, and his woollen under-clothes and socks. The outfit costs about $50 a year, if the man is ordinarily careful and does his own sewing. The government, in compelling the sailor to buy his own clothes, discriminates against him, for it gives to the soldier of the army an allowance for clothes which is so liberal that a prudent man may save from it during his enlistment as much as $75, which is paid to him on his honorable discharge from the service.

Another item of expense to the sailor is the cost of the berth-deck cooks. These cooks are really mess stewards, for the actual cooking is done by the ship's cook. The crew is divided into messes, each mess having its cook, who receives one or two rations, according to the liberality or extravagance of the men. The mess of the petty officers pays its cook the most, of course. The commutation of a ration is thirty cents a day. There is now no allowance for grog. Instead the men have five cents added to the ration. The berth-deck cook makes up special dishes for his mess, and buys the fresh vegetables, coffee, meats, and other extras, known as "shore grub," which the men indulge in. The berth-deck cook is rather an expensive necessity, and it is more than likely that the mess system will be changed eventually, and the men relieved of his services, or at least of the services of so many cooks.

The men are drilled on board the receiving-ship in the most ordinary duties of sailors. When they are called to quarters in the morning they are divided into squads, and each squad is placed under the charge of an old sailor. The squads are put through the setting-up drill. They are taught the use of the magazine-gun, the revolver, and the cutlass. They are drilled in gunnery, and are taken out for exercise and instruction in the small boats. When they are sufficiently instructed in the rudiments of their new calling, they are ready to be sent off to some ship in commission for which a draft is made.

The main difficulties in getting good men for the navy have been lready indicated. Employments on shore for which good seamen are fitted pay better wages than the government gives to its seamen, and the man outside the public service is freer and more independent than the man inside. Officers and men of both the army and the navy complain that the enlisted man is rather looked down upon, and does not stand upon an equal footing with the working-men of the country. There may be foundation for the complaint; it should be borne in mind that the enlisted man gives up his freedom to a large extent, and that he who does that in a free republic must suffer for his yielding to the hard circumstances of existence, in the opinion of those who fight out the struggle. How hard and grinding the contrast sometimes appears to the sailor was very recently illustrated at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. A ship was making ready for sea in some haste, and the crew were unable to coal her fast enough. It became necessary, therefore, to employ heavers from the shore to assist the sailors, who, when they are compelled to do the work of coal-heavers, receive thirty-three cents a day as extra-duty pay. Even with this additional compensation, however, the sailors worked alongside of men who earned as much in an hour as the sailors earned in the whole day. Under the circumstances, it cannot be a matter of surprise that many of the best men do not re-enlist. There is another evil whose remedy is entirely within the power of the President (whose duty it is to fix the pay of the petty officers, seamen, ordinary seamen, firemen, and coal-heavers) and of Congress. The evil is a grievous one, and is discerned and grumbled about in the forecastle of every ship in the service. It is

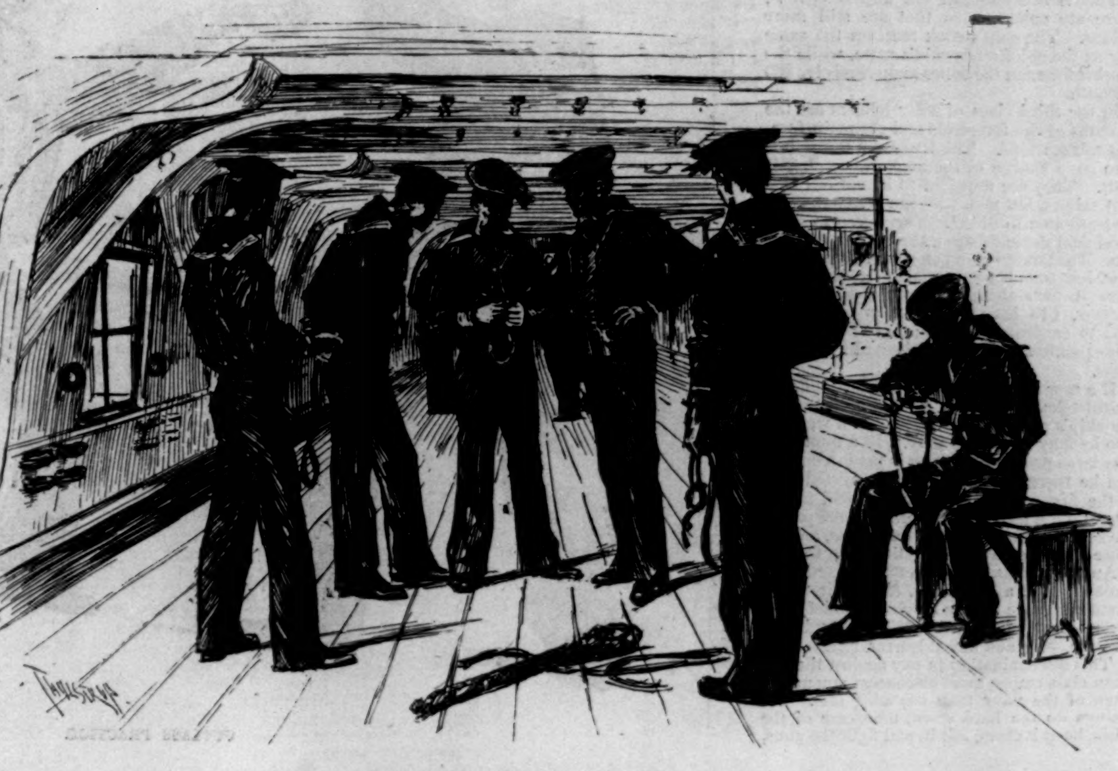


BOARDING DRILL.

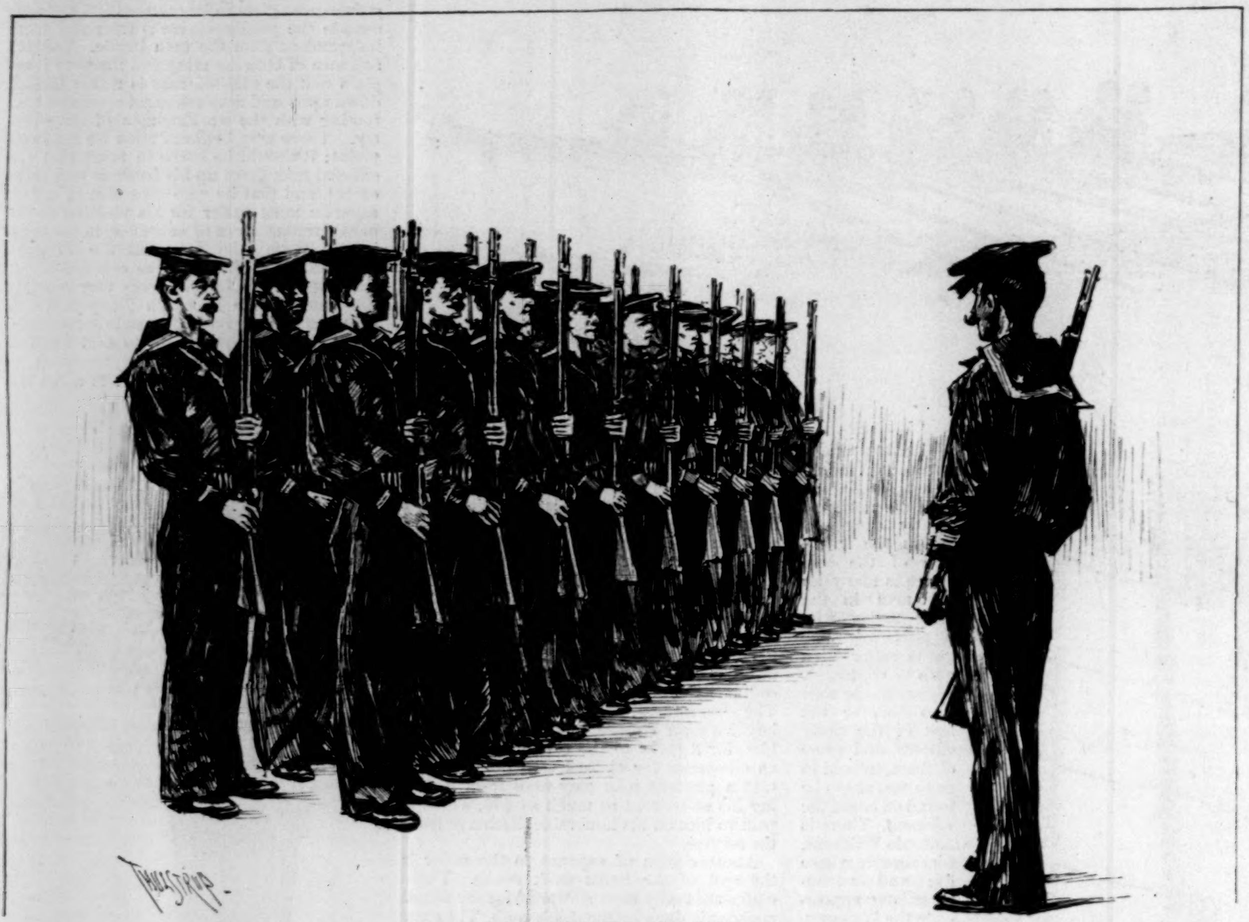
after their welfare, see that they are rated justly, and enjoy the friendship of the sailors.

It should be borne in mind that the officer who treats his men harshly and cruelly is in danger of losing his commission, and is always unpopular with his fellow-officers. In the second place, it is greatly to the advantage of the officer that he should be just to his crew. A sailor's grade depends upon his ratings and his "good-conduct badges," and the officers, who are responsible for the condition and safety of the vessel, are naturally intent upon discovering the most efficient men for the responsible positions.

All kinds and conditions of men present themselves at the receiving-ship for enlistment. There are sailors and mechanics; men fresh from the gutter, with the soil of the city clinging to their rags, and the marks of their last spree fresh upon their bloated faces. There are old salts incapable of taking care of themselves, and anxious for the government's kindly shelter. There are poor men out of employment, who have never been to sea, and who are turned off unless they have a handicraft which is useful on shipboard. If the applicant is a sailor, he is asked if he has ever served in the navy. If he has, he must show an honorable discharge, for men who have deserted or who have been discharged for bad conduct cannot return to the navy. If he is satisfactory in this respect, he is turned over for examination as to his physical condition and his attainments. If he is a mechanic, he is also examined as to his proficiency. Some of the men who present themselves at the receiving-ships are old sailors whose three months' leave is up, and who have spent their money, found it difficult to obtain satisfactory shore employment, or are unable to resist the temptations of the sea.



KNOTTING AND SPLICING.



THE MAGAZINE-GUN DRILL.

the discrimination made against the seaman class and in favor of the special and artificer classes.

These are the general divisions of the crew of a ship. Besides, there are three classes—first, second, and third—of petty officers and seamen. The petty officers of the first class are the chief boatswains' mates, the chief-gunners' mates, and the chief quartermasters of the seaman class. Of the special class, the masters-at-arms, who stand at the head of the petty officers; the ship's writers; equipment, paymasters', and engineers' yeomen; apothecaries, school-masters, and band-masters. In the artificer class there is the machinist.

There is no more important petty officer on the ship than the chief boatswain's mate. He has charge of the sailors' work. On some of the smaller ships of the navy there are no boatswains, and the mate has to do the work of that officer. He and his fellow petty officers of the first class receive only $35 a month; the lowest pay in the special class of this grade is $45. The ship's writers and the school-master receive $10 a month more than the expert seaman who is at the head of the crew, and upon whose skill and courage the safety of the ship and its company often depends. The band-master receives $52, and the yeomen $60; the machinists receive $70.

This is bad enough; but unjust as it is, there are comparisons that are still more odious. The ship's cook receives the same pay as the chief boatswain's mate, while the blacksmiths and the boiler-makers receive $60 a month.

In the third class of petty officers are the captains of the forecastle and the main, fore, and mizzen tops. The latter are the sailors who have charge of the men whose duty is aloft. They are required to be not only expert sailors, but men who can command and who are able to direct. Very often at sea a good deal depends upon the captains of the top. The government pays them $30 a month—$5 less than it pays the ship's cook, $6 less than it pays the chief musicians and the writers, $10 less than it pays to printers and to carpenters' mates; the same that it pays painters and to musicians of the second class.

If a new recruit is found to possess a sufficient talent for music, he is taught to play the ship's calls on the bugle. In a week or two he may be able to play. In a month he may be so proficient that he is made a bugler, and he thereupon becomes an enlisted man of the first special class, and is paid at the rate of $33 a month—$7 more than the pay of the seamen gunners of his own class, and $3 more than the pay of captains of the tops.

An able seaman receives $24; an ordinary seaman, $19; a landsman, $16. First-class firemen receive $35, as much as a chief boatswain's mate; a carpenter, $25; a second-class fireman, $30; and a coal-heaver, $22.

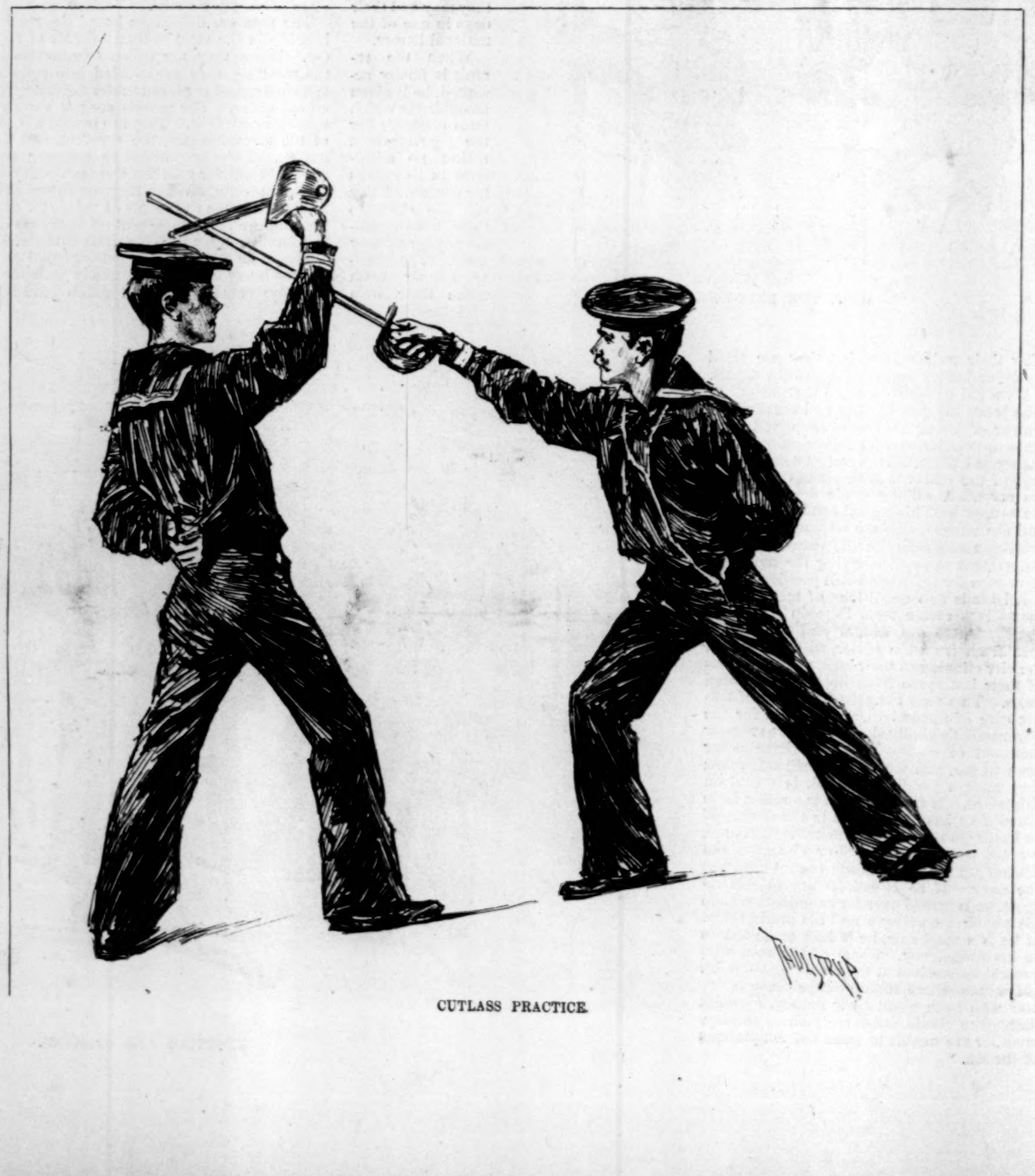
This discrimination in pay against the seaman class causes more discontent among the men of the navy than anything else. The sailors do the hard work, take care of the ship, keep it clean, sail it, and fight the guns, and receive the smallest pay. It is not fair that they should be paid less than the wages given to non-professionals. If the government cannot procure the services of the men of the special and artificer classes for less than the present prevailing rates, it should not therefore do injustice to the sailors. They should pay enough to procure the best seamen who are willing to give up the freedom and independence of the merchant marine, and who have no hope of securing the command of vessels for themselves.

Whether the navy will ever succeed in manning its vessels in time of peace with crews chiefly or largely composed of native Americans is doubtful. When war comes, the problem is easier. Americans will always do what the fishermen of Marblehead did in the war of 1812. They will enlist in the army and the navy for the struggle. But making the sailor's trade a vocation is a different matter.

The result is that the percentage of native Americans in the navy is very much smaller than in the army, if the colored men are excepted. There are Englishmen and Irishmen, the latter predominating, of course, and many of the native Americans are of Irish parentage. These men make the best petty officers. They are not only good sailors themselves, but they are the cause of good seamanship in others. They have good judgment, and are capable of directing. This is not true of the men of Norway and Sweden, who constitute the largest part of the crews of our national vessels. These men are excellent seamen; but it is very difficult to find among them a man who is able to take the responsibility and perform the duties of even the small commands of petty officers. The "North Countrymen," as they are called, are very neat and thrifty. There are comparatively few intemperate men to be found among them. They are loyal to their officers, and undoubtedly, in the event of a war, could be depended on to stand by the flag under which they have enlisted.

Good as these men are, they are not so good as foreign navies are able to procure from their own citizens. It seems to be largely a question of money. We have a very small navy, but its material should be the best. If the government is to obtain as good men as are serving, for example, in the British navy, it must pay even higher rates than England pays, because there is greater competition here for labor. The best men who are willing to give up their independence and freedom are certainly none too good for the crews of American men-of-war.

While Congress is reflecting on the question of increasing the pay of enlisted men all along the line, the President, through the Secretary of the Navy, might rearrange the present rates in such a way that the seaman class may not be discriminated against. This would at least remove a frequent cause of complaint, and would be a simple act of justice to worthy and hard-worked men who do their duty by the country willingly and bravely.



CUTLASS PRACTICE.

POLO IN AMERICA

By Caspar W. Whitney.

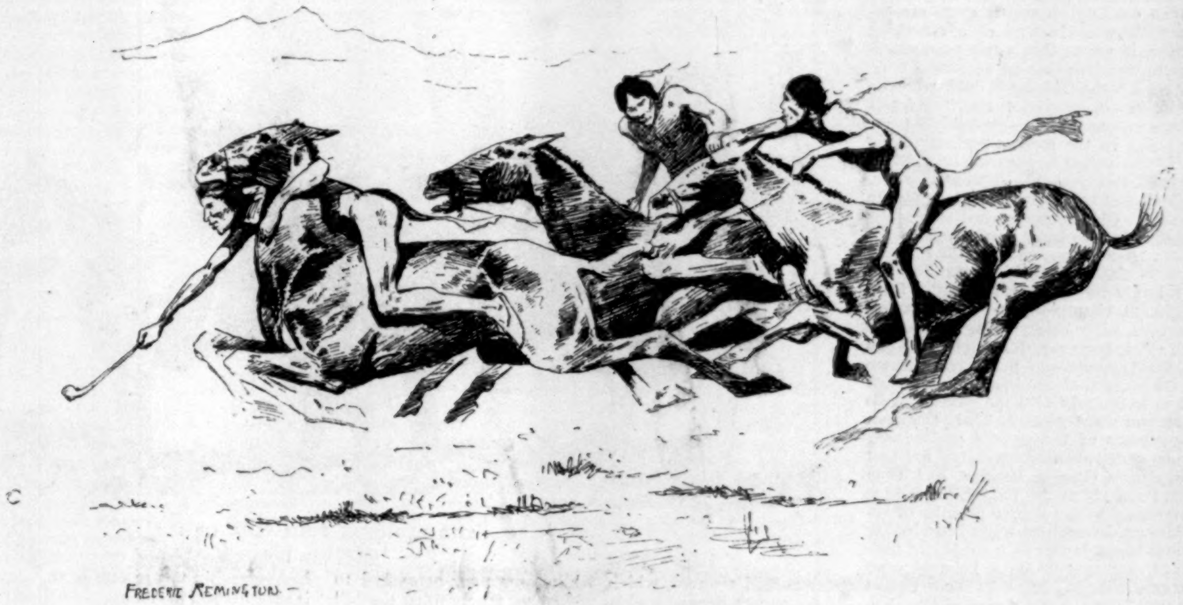
IT will send most of our sportsmen into their thinking-caps, I fancy, to be told here that the game of polo as we play it to-day owes at least one most interesting and skilful feature to American improvement. I am quite prepared, in making this statement, to receive the indignant criticism of those who, believing that because the game came to us *viâ* England, it must ever remain intensely and unequivocally English; but the facts remain, nevertheless, as I state them, and as careful reading of this article may possibly prove. As we have taken the game of foot-ball and revolutionized it, so polo is likewise undergoing a change that eventually must result in better and more expert play. I would not be understood as affirming that we have to-day placed ourselves on a plane above the English game, but I do mean to state that the improvements we have made, and the progress our men have shown in the past few years, will before a great while make us invincible at a game which has no superior for schooling the eye and nerve for all emergencies.

Before touching further upon polo in our own country, it might be as well to briefly scan its earliest history, especially as there appears to be a very general ignorance on the subject. There is a popular impression that the game comes originally from India; and so it does to us of the present century, but India has been but one of its several cradles. The very earliest record of polo, according to J. Moray Brown, the eminent English authority, takes us to Japan, where in the sixth century a game known by the name *dakiu*—literally strike the ball—had found its way from China. How long previous to that time it may have been played in China, no one has ventured to say. Personally I have traced shinny back very nearly to the days of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and I have not the smallest doubt but that polo in one form or another goes back nearly as far. Be that as it may, we do know that the Japanese held the game in great favor, and played in their own peculiar style with great skill.

Next we read of the game in Persia, where, under the name of *chaugán* (Hindi for "four-sided"), it became so popular that poets immortalized it, and the women—as indeed they do to-day at Rockaway, Meadow Brook, and our other club grounds—bestowed their sweetest smiles upon the victors. The women in those days, however, shaped their enthusiasm more practically, and literally went in for the game themselves. We read of the wife of a Sassanian monarch, who flourished in 590 A.D., forming a team of her "lovely handmaidens" and playing a match game with the king and his courtiers. Unfortunately, or fortunately, for those idiots who persist in putting women astride a horse (in their mind), history does not relate whether or not these "lovely handmaidens" played in bifurcated skirts. The handmaidens, by-the-way, seem to have demoralized the players of those days, for later we read of an old sage warning his king against permitting his departing army "to drink wine or play at *chaugán*." The feminine invasion appears to have had its effect for a while at least, for next we read of a Greek monarch, in the twelfth century, who used balls of stuffed leather in the place of wooden ones, and a stick that, instead of a hammer-like head, terminated in a hoop very similar to our racket. Moray Brown records a polo match between women in Ireland in 1890, and *Polo in India*, by Younghusband, records one there in recent years between wives and daughters of English officers.

Ancient historians seem to have dwelled on the Persian side of polo, for we read pages of special features of play, and it is particularly noted that the dribbling game was the vogue, hence we are to conclude that the handmaiden influence had not yet lost its potency, and that the game was a slow one. Whatever they lacked in liveliness, however, was made up in persistency; for one sovereign, we are told, played at night, for which purpose he used patas-wood balls, that were set on fire, and lasted a long time. It is curious to note that although they used ten players to a side (two of whom retired and were replaced by fresh men at every period), the periods (*ghari*) were very like ours, being of twenty-four minutes' duration instead of our twenty minutes'.

Another primitive period in the history of the game, and one that is distinctively American, is shown by Mr. Remington's sketch of the Indian players, drawn from my description to him of their game. Those who have never seen our Indians in the West play their peculiar style of polo have missed a rare treat. Really it is shinny on horseback. They use a short stick with a knob on the end: but they are wonderfully expert, and ride with a recklessness born of a set purpose to get possession of the ball, no matter what happens. The single idea of the player from start to finish is, borrowing from the current vernacular, to get there; and he does—sometimes pretty badly damaged, to be sure, but none the less happy. There is no particular number for sides—sometimes four, and again eight play. If there are any rules, I have never heard of them. Everything seems to be permissible. They pull one another from their horses, while their "riding off" would be more appropriately named as riding down. How long this game has been played by the Indians no one knows; tribal tradition has recorded it time out of mind, and the red man will tell you they have always played it. Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming are more especially the scene of its play nowadays.

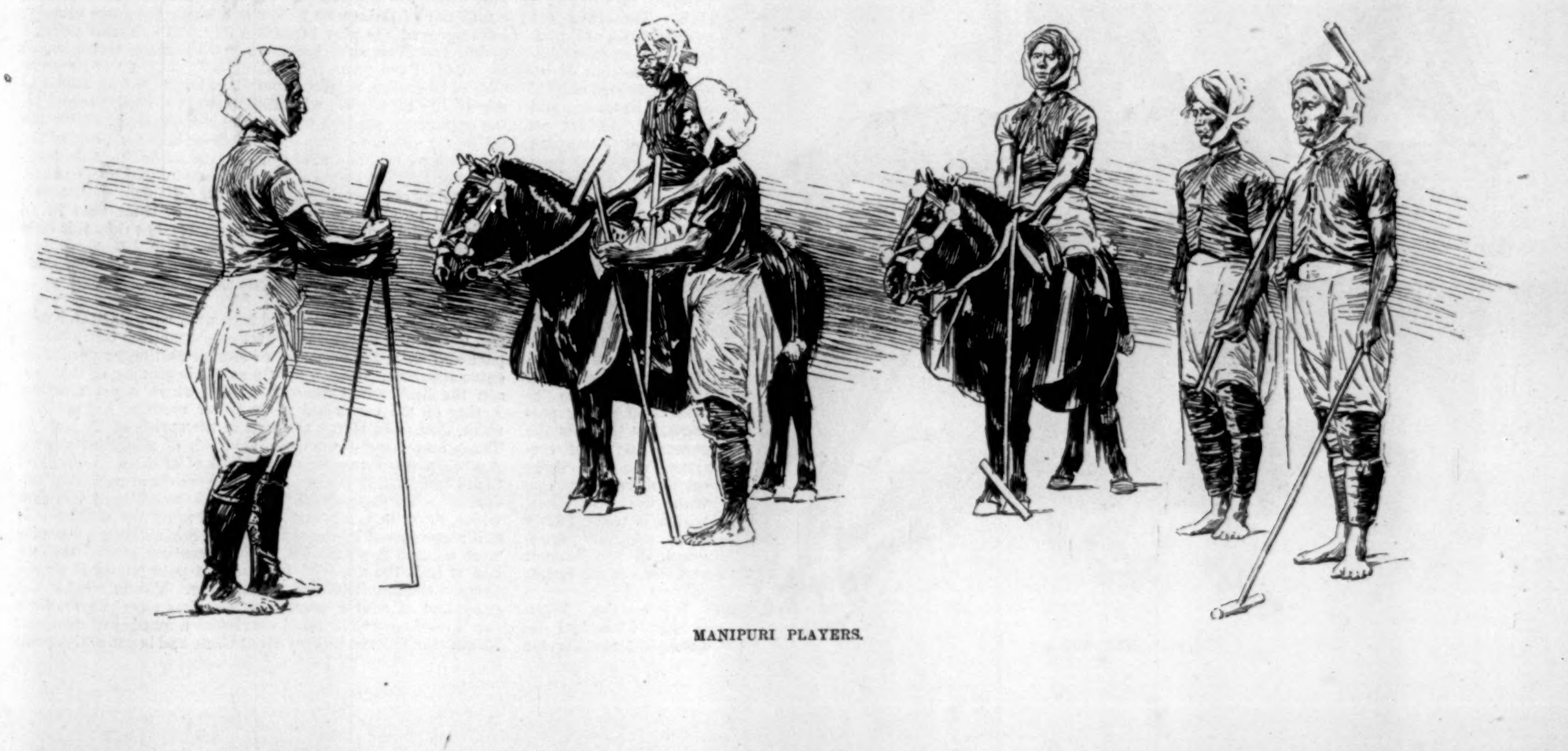


THE GAME AS PLAYED BY AMERICAN INDIANS.

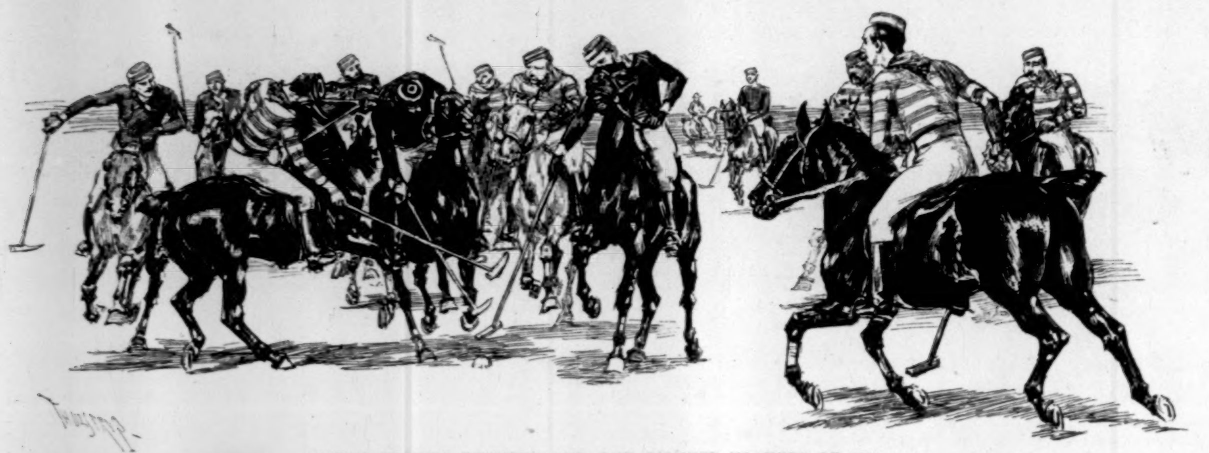
I have never seen the game among the Indians of the more southern Territories, though I have watched the Apaches of Arizona play on horseback a kind of "button, button, who has the button?" with a ball or piece of tree root serving as button. I always fancied, however, that it was taken from the Mexicans, who have all sorts of games of that kind. Notably one of putting a man on horseback with a live chicken, and his being chased by others desirous of capturing Pluto's effigy of man. There are no feathers to speak of on the bird at the conclusion of the game. Apropos of Mexicans and chickens, another gentle diversion these unwashed children of our sister republic have to dispel the *ennui* of the long summer evenings comes to mind. They bury a chicken in the ground, allowing its head and but a very little of its neck to protrude; then they get on their horses, and urging them into a dead run, bend over as they pass the chicken and endeavor to secure its head. Whoever succeeds first in wringing that chicken's neck and capturing the head is the victor, and receives the quarry as reward. It's a nice, sportsman-like little game, and very appropriately the popular amusement of Sunday afternoons.

We come now to the period where most people imagine the game begins its history; and this may be accounted for from the fact that the name polo comes to us from the Thibetan word *pulu*, which means a ball made from a knot of willow-wood. There is a tradition among the natives of Manipur, upon whom we look as the best advocates of Indian polo, that the game was introduced into their country over 300 years ago. Whether that is true or not, it undoubtedly reached them through their ancestors the Tartars.

We are accustomed, however, to look upon the Manipuri as the fathers of our game of to-day, though they call it *kan-jai-bazèè*. From all accounts they are very formidable



MANIPURI PLAYERS.



JAMES GORDON BENNETT AND THE PIONEER PLAYERS OF 1876.

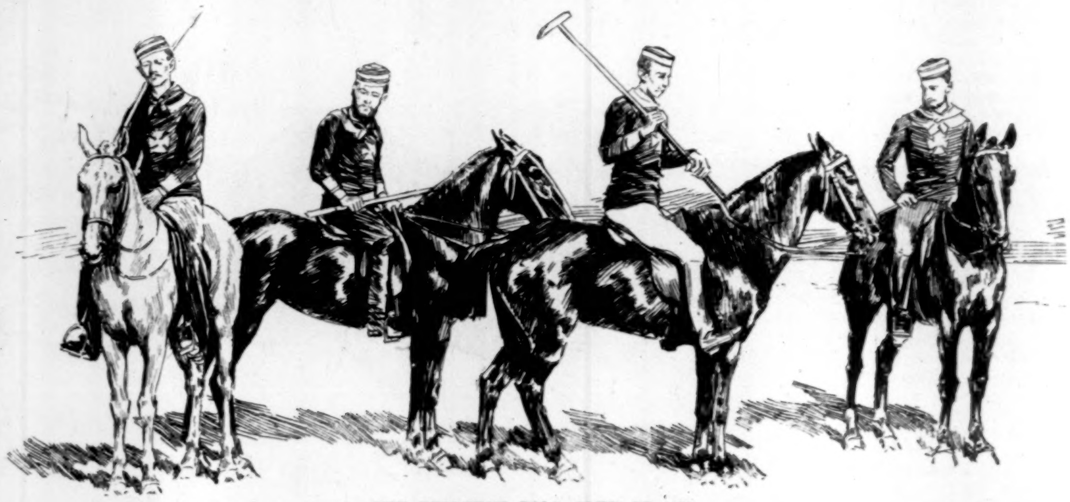
exponents of the game, notwithstanding the fact that their form varies very little to-day, as our illustration shows, from what it did at its inception. Moreover, the sticks they use are very similar to those we use to-day, notably the covering with cloth or twine of the upper end of the mallet handle. Their ponies are very small, varying from ten to thirteen hands, but sturdy and fast, and reckless, desperate riding is a feature of the game. There are no goal ports on either end of their ground, and game is called when the ball reaches one end of the field. From India, with its political dependency, the introduction of the game into England is readily understood. The general idea, however, as to how it came to be first played on English soil is quite erroneous, according to Moray Brown. Instead of a returning regiment bringing it over, it seems that some young officers of the Tenth Hussars were reading an account of the game in 1869 as played by the Manipuri, and were so impressed with the possibilities of good sport that they forthwith began play with some crooked sticks—probably hockey sticks—and a billiard ball. In the earliest periods of the English game, in fact, it was called hockey on horseback; ash hockey sticks were used, and cricket balls painted white.

Once started in England, that sport-loving nation lost no time in taking up the game. Clubs were formed among the regiments, and the outgoing ones to India carried back what had been originally taken from there. At first the diminutive pony and promiscuous choosing of sides prevailed, but this soon gave way to a larger stamp of animal and a four-a-side game. Inter-regiment championships were inaugurated, and clubs were formed, Lillie Bridge being the rendezvous of the players. In '74, however, Hurlingham began to attract the players; improvements were made, rules drawn up that did away with the indiscriminate knocking about of the ball, sides reduced to four, and in '76 the game may be said to have taken on new and more scientific life in England.

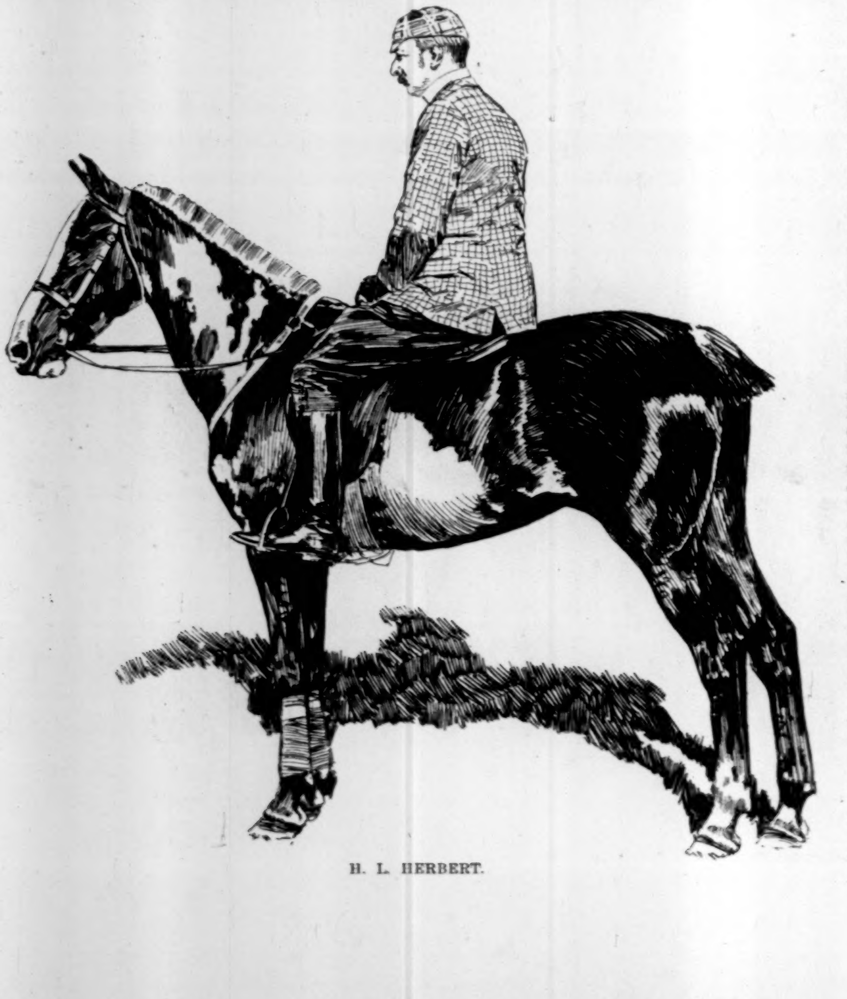
During these last few years of the game's preliminary trial in England, America, as represented by one of her best and earliest sportsmen, James Gordon Bennett, had been carefully following polo from about the time Lillie Bridge was forsaken for Hurlingham. When it gave promise of becoming a fixture, Mr. Bennett determined upon introducing it in his own country, and began laying in a supply of mallets and balls. Needless to say that when he brought over these implements of sport, early in '76, and an attempt at polo was made in Dickel's Riding Academy, which then stood on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, where the Union League Club house is now, a sensation was created. The game was just the kind to appeal to the dash and skill of American sportsmen, and it became popular immediately. Barely three months after Mr. Bennett and his friends made their first efforts at polo in-doors, the Westchester Polo Club was formed, with the following members: James Gordon Bennett, Hermann Oelrichs, Colonel William Jay, F. Gray Griswold, Frederick Bronson, Lord Mandeville, W. P. Douglass, W. K. Thorn, Jun., G. R. Fearing, Fairman Rogers, Hollis Hunnewell, Sir Bache Cunard, C. G. Francklyn, S. S. Howland, and John Mott. These, with a few others, comprised the first polo club in America.

The early history of polo in this country has been very fully and ably covered by Morgan Herbert, who was the first to record the progress of the game in America. Practice was immediately entered upon, and the game attracted much attention; in fact, there were more players than ponies, or ground to accommodate them. So soon as the club was organized, a house and stalls were erected near Jerome Park and a field secured, which, while very poor compared to those we are accustomed to nowadays, amply filled the bill in those days of the much slower game. The club met with such success that the following year it made headquarters at Newport during the season. If the game had been popular before, it became doubly so now. Dead Head Hill was invariably thronged on the afternoons of play, and polo was the summer diversion *par excellence*. It was just about this time that the Brighton Polo Club was formed at Long Branch by H. L. Herbert, Esq., and included W. W. Robbins, Howard Stokes, G. W. Elder, and C. A. Robbins. How this team came to be formed presents an interesting little bit of reminiscence. Mr. Herbert, in reading of the polo feats of Mr. Bennett and his friends, became impressed with its good sport, and determined on forming a club. He could get neither balls nor mallets, but stern necessity, the mother of invention, turned playful in this instance, and gave Mr. Herbert an inspiration. Forthwith he secured a croquet set and a number of hay rakes; the handles of the rakes replaced the original ones in the croquet mallets, the croquet balls were brought into service, and America's second polo team began play. The cut of this team above is from an old photograph, and is reproduced with no intention of giving portraits, but to show the general style of costume, etc., of those early days. So also with the other cut, which is taken partly from an old photograph of Mr. Bennett and some of the earlier players.

While the Westchester Club had its headquarters at Jerome Park, admission to its grounds and games was had by invitation only, but on moving to Newport the public was admitted on the payment of a small fee—an innovation that has been much criticised by the game's stanchest supporters. During the Newport season of '77 the limits of the field, which, by-the-way, are to-day 750×500 feet, were sorely taxed. So many players were on the field that they got in one another's way, and rather retarded than advanced the progress of the game. Then, too, the old rules regarding off side and hooking mallets, in use to this day in England, made the game rather more of a scramble than systematized play, a green player—and they were all green in those days—being very prone in the excitement of a fast game to devote himself more to hooking his opponent's mallet than attempting skilful play. The best of the rules of those days was No. 3—"no spurs to be allowed with rowels, except on special occasions when sanctioned by the committee." It is too bad this rule is not in force to-day. There are ponies, to be sure, so sluggish that the use of the spur seems necessary, and yet it is a question if the grade of animal in use on the field to-day could not be made as susceptible to the whip as it is now to the spur. With the prohibition of the spur should be included the Mexican spade bit, which I now and again see in use. The spade bit is the severest that can be put into the mouth of a horse, and yet it is easiest of all curbs once a horse has become accustomed to the mouthful, *provided* a man knows how to use it. Under no circumstances should it be used in polo, where light hands, or indeed hands at all, are an impossibility, and the pony is yanked hither and thither. Judging by the experience I have had with these bits, it seems to me a display of extremely bad horsemanship to use one of them on a polo pony at all. It is sure to spoil his mouth, and if he is tolerably well trained, worry all the speed and stay out of him, and I am pleased to note its use, as well as that of spurs, is only occasional.



THE BRIGHTON POLO CLUB OF 1877

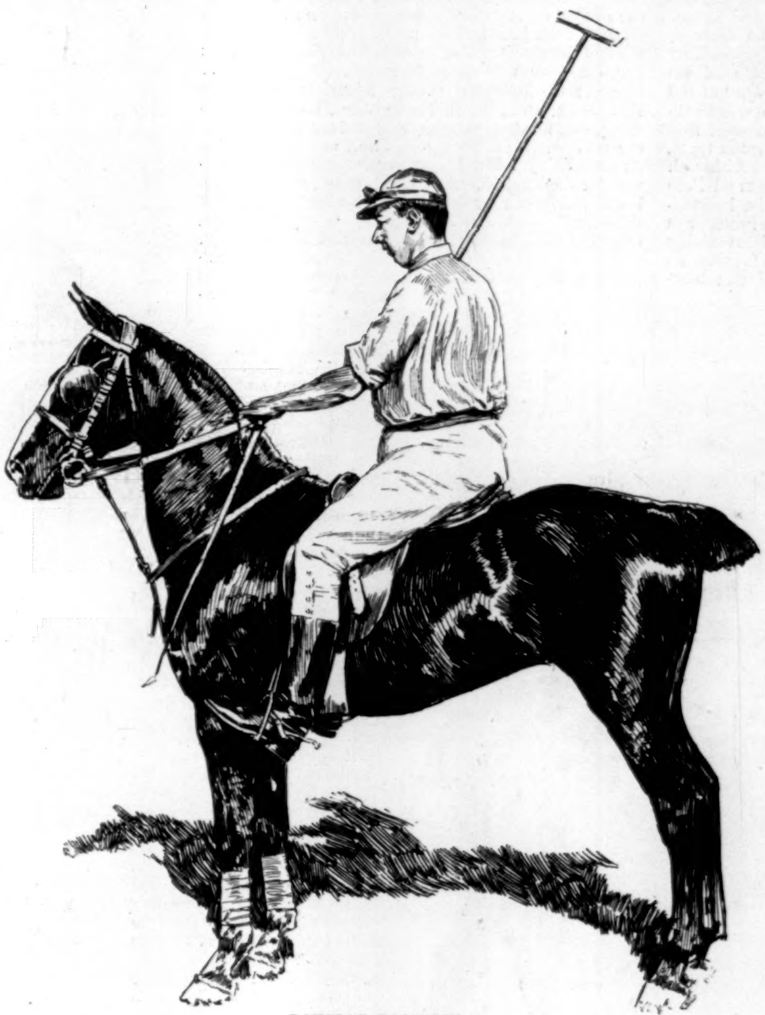


H. L. HERBERT.

Perhaps this dissertation is a bit out of place in this part of the article, but it is a subject upon which so many riders display deplorable ignorance, to say nothing of cruelty, that I am rather apt to digress on the smallest provocation. There should be a department in every riding and hunt club for especial instruction in the use of bits and spurs.

But to go back to the Newport season of '77, where we left the men hooking mallets. Another rule of that early period related to the "off side," also in use in England to-day, which was defined: "If a player is 'before his side,' *id est*, in front of the player of his own side who hits the ball, he is 'off side,' or sneaking, and out of the game, and does not become 'on his side' till the ball be hit, or hit at, by the opposite side, or until the player on his own side who makes the hit passes him. The player, until he is on his side, has no business to impede in any manner one of the opposing side." This was a laborious ruling that gave the men no end of bother, and was finally discarded by us in '80. It is the particular play which has superseded "off side" that, in the opinion of a majority of those who follow and study the game closely, has improved the play immeasurably. It is in this point, I claim, American skill has improved upon the transplanted model of fifteen years ago. The good judgment of time and skill of execution required now in passing the ball ahead to one of the same side, who, like enough, if close pressed by the opponents, sends it across to one of his men outside the mêlée, for another drive down the field, is as far ahead of the old style as can be imagined. Notwithstanding this, however, the English teams use the old style hooking-mallets, etc., and no one can deny that they are top form. Moreover, they beat us at our own game when they came over in '86 (for they adopted our style for the nonce), but then it is only fair to add that we were very, very crude. It becomes a query now how much more formidable a game the Englishmen would put up were they to adopt our style of play in this particular.

Until '79 the ponies that had been used were thirteen hands and under; but as the game progressed and the men grew in pace and skill, the necessity of stouter and faster ponies became apparent. Consequently at the beginning of that season the limit was extended to 14.1, where it yet remains. Acting on the opportunity for better mounts, August Belmont, Jun., and Harry Oelrichs in the spring of '79 went to Texas and bought up quite a bunch of unbroken ponies. A cowboy was brought along to look after the wild ones and to aid in breaking them. Some players there were that undertook to do their own breaking, and the series of surprises which those bucking broncos visited upon the club-men is still remembered by the old players. Some very good ponies were secured from the lot, and the venture proved that we had at least the material for the best polo ponies if we developed the requisite skill in handling. The interest in the game had, of course, created by this time more players than the Westchester Club could use; hence a number of members formed the Queens County Hunt Club, and began active practice. Nearly all of the older and original members had by this time given way to the set of harder riders, and the play was consequently growing faster. On June 21st of this year ('79), really the first actual match in this country was played between the Westchesters, comprising August Belmont, Jun., captain, Harry Oelrichs, Carroll Bryce, William Sanford, and H. L. Herbert, with Adolph Ladenburg and W. Orthout as substitutes, and Queens County team, comprising F. Gray Griswold, captain, Hermann Oelrichs, P. Lorillard, Jun., C. O. Iselin, and Elliott Zbrowski, with Center Hitchcock and H. W. Hallock as substitutes. In this match, which was a hard-fought one, and finally won by Westchester with three straight goals, the first attempt at team-work was made by Messrs. Belmont and Herbert. They made some very remarkable plays for that day, carrying the ball down and across the field in a way entirely new to the other players, and drew respect from their opponents and admiration from the spectators. Upwards of 10,000 people saw this match, and subsequently, whenever the teams practised on this field (Prospect Park), which was used for some little time, crowds gathered and watched in open-eyed wonder what appeared to them to be the most daring horsemanship they had ever seen outside a circus.

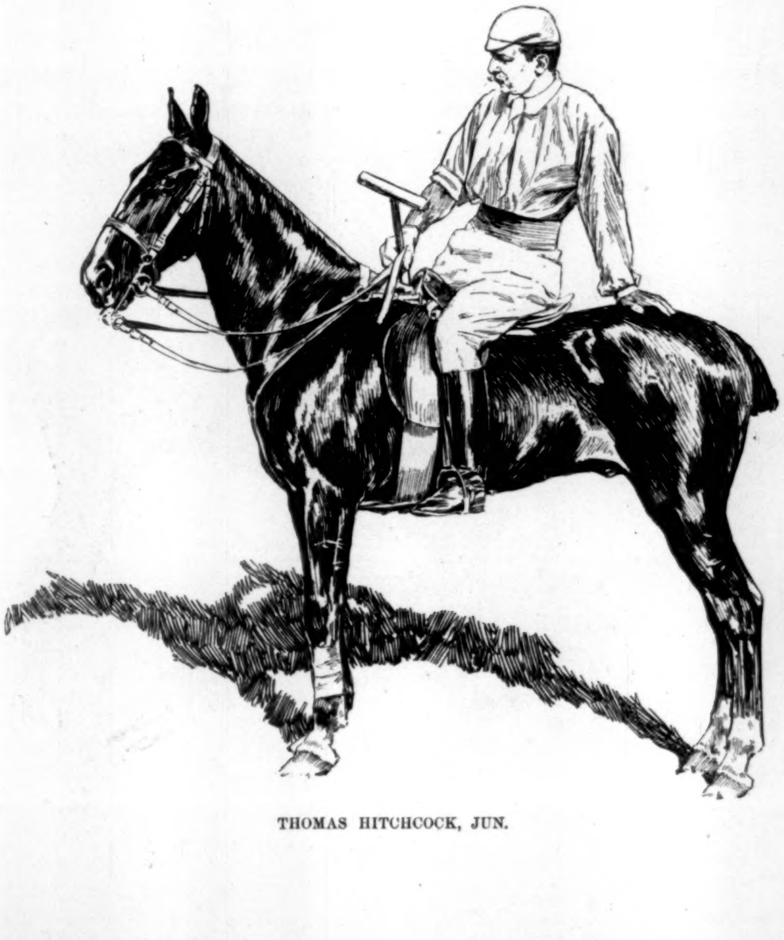

DOUGLAS ROBINSON.

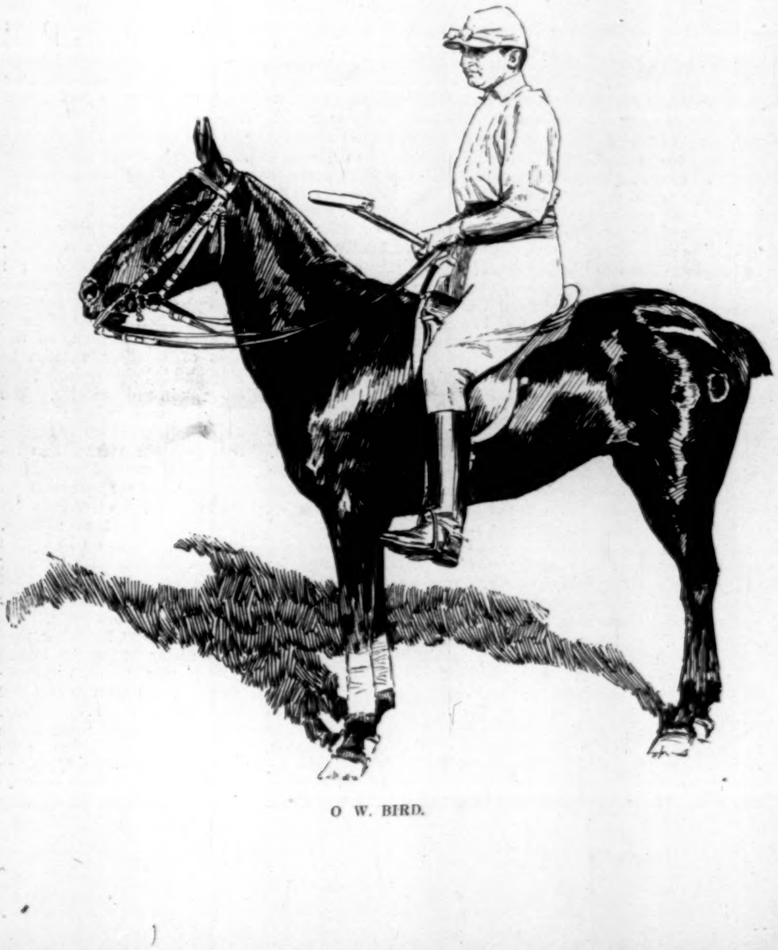
A club had been formed the previous year at Buffalo, this State, including several members of the Cary family and the Hamlins, and after the Prospect Park match they went down to Newport, and boldly challenged Westchester. They were beaten, of course, but they acquired a good bit of experience—enough to remain at home the following year and defeat the Westchester on the return game. There now grew a demand for grounds near New York that would be central for the several teams, and able to accommodate the many spectators that followed all the matches. It was about this time, too, that H. L. Herbert took up the reins of polo government, which he has held ever since with the rarest good judgment and unqualified sportsmanship. He has been actively identified with the game since its inception, and it may be truly said that if Mr. Bennett introduced the game, Mr. Herbert has fostered and cared for it, and done more than any man in America to bring it where it is today. Since he ceased playing he has refereed the games each season—a position that is more onerous than any one on the field, though unaccompanied by the glory that falls to the hard-riding player. Acting upon the desire of a large number of the players, Mr. Herbert, in '80, was instrumental in forming the Manhattan Polo Association, and the grounds at 110th Street and Sixth Avenue—which afterwards became famous through the polo, base-ball, and foot-ball battles fought thereon—came into existence. A great many thousand dollars were spent on the preparation of this field, and the erection of club-house and stables. I do not recall the exact figure. My impression is that it was about twenty thousand. I do know, however, that this was one of the many times in those struggling days of American sport when James Gordon Bennett came to the rescue of a depleted exchequer by a liberal contribution of ten thousand dollars, and nobody except those immediately interested in the movement was the wiser of it either. When finally all was in readiness, May 22, '80, the date of the annual meet of the Coaching Club, was chosen as the day of opening, and it proved an auspicious one. The coaches, immediately from the meet, with their loads of gayly gowned women, encircled the field, and gave color to probably as brilliant an assemblage as ever witnessed polo. Notwithstanding the work and monetary outlay on these grounds, however, they did not prove satisfactory. The attempt to grow grass on a field that was being continually used was an experiment neither successful nor pleasing. Players and spectators alike thought the "game not worth the candle," enshrouded in clouds of dust, and after the second year it was found so very objectionable that the games were discontinued. Financially the Manhattan Polo Association had been so costly a venture that the management in disgust determined on wiping their hands of the entire business; and instead of subletting the grounds, transferred the lease to a base-ball syndicate. Does any one know how much money was taken in at the gates of those grounds after the base-ball fever seized upon the American public?

At about the time this base-ball syndicate was given the opportunity of making a fortune on the 110th Street grounds, play on the Prospect Park field was likewise discontinued; and the Westchester Club, which had used both, now took its balls and mallets to Newport, where from that day to this it has made its headquarters. But neither this club nor the Manhattan Polo Association was absorbing all attention at this time. Play was beginning to look up among the riding men of Long Island. The members of the Meadow Brook Club had already done some practice, and with two of the best men of that day—and of this too, for matter of that—August Belmont, Jun., and Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., as a nucleus, one of the strongest teams in play was formed. They had one of the best grounds of that time. Closely following the Meadow Brooks, a polo club was formed at the Country Club of Pelham. Though they were a little handicapped in having ground not up to the Meadow Brook's, they went into the game with just as much enthusiasm, and had royal good sportsmen and pretty fair players in the Potters, James M. Waterbury, and C. O. Iselin. Rockaway, I believe, was the last of the three country clubs to form a polo team; but when they did begin they lost no time in acquiring a formidable game. They had a small uneven ground, the poorest of any of the clubs, near where the Lawrence station is now located, but they practised diligently; and who knows but what this rough cradle may have been the means, by its hardy rockings, of building up two of the greatest players in America, Foxhall Keene and John E. Cowdin? At any rate, the Rockaway soil seems to have been conducive to making polo-players, for the club to-day, not the team, in the handicaps of its members, leads the next highest, Meadow Brook, by 13 goals, the sum total being 55. This is merely cited by way of an interesting incident, to show the number of very good players they have, which, aside from the "big four," the regular First team—Keene, Cowdin, Rutherfurd, and Cheever—includes the La Montagnes, Farley Clark, the Franckes, J. S. Stevens (who, by-the-way, is handicapped one goal more than Cheever, and is the best man on the Second team), and A. C. Tower. Nor were the Meadow Brooks behind in point of enthusiasm and hard work. In those early days they had the valuable aid of Mr. Herbert and some of the most thorough sportsmen of the day, including August Belmont, Jun., the Winthrops, W. K. Thorn, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., O. W. Bird, J. L. Kernochan, Stanley Mortimer, the Carrolls, the Roosevelts, S. D. Ripley, and F. O. Beach; not all of these were crack players, but those who weren't gave a moral support that was very encouraging.

It was just about this time that hooking mallets and "off side" play were discontinued, which had the effect of making less disturbance during play through claims of fouls, etc., but, of course, made no appreciable result at once in the improved form of the men. Other than the cases I have noted earlier in this article, the rules of those days were practically what they are to-day. The number of men on a team, however, was of a more or less undecided quantity. At first there were any number up to eight, I believe, and then they gradually, as experience taught the inadvisability of so many men in play, got down to five, and finally to four. The fields were the same size, about 750 feet by 500 feet; at least they were when there was the room, and each goal was 24 feet wide. One of the old rules reads as though it had been framed to license the play of the Indian team of which I have written, and is worth quoting: "A player may interpose his pony before his antagonist, so as to prevent the latter reaching the ball, whether in full career or otherwise, despite the immediate neighborhood of the ball." The peace of mind of referees, I take it, was not subject to much contention in that time. The costumes look odd to us now, and, indeed, they must have been far more picturesque than comfortable, with their clinging hot jerseys, forage caps—with the uncompromising chin strap—and "butcher boots." Some of the men used to indulge in velvet breeches, but the popularity of these stuffy things waned rapidly.

In '84 the game might be said to have taken on added impetus. The men were becoming a bit cocky, and when the Meadow Brook team, composed of Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., E. D. Morgan, W. K. Thorn, Jun., and H. L. Herbert, won the Country Club Cup at Pelham, the Westchester Polo Cup


THOMAS HITCHCOCK, JUN.


O. W. BIRD.